

THE SHERIDAN LIBRARIES



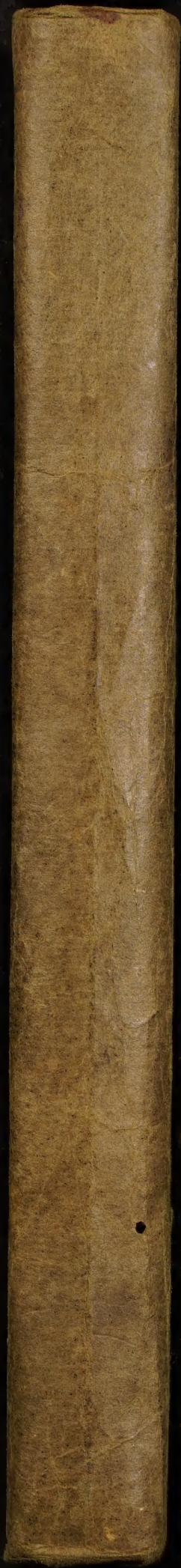
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Shakspeare
orations. 49

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BIBLIOTHECA FICTIVA

Rhapsodies
by Wm. Hy. Ireland
1803.









By W. H. K. ...
The ...

see

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(3) 4

J. H. A. H. H.
Norwich
p. 8

Lady Hunkley 1.3

John Tatham 77

Mary 91 well known in the
Literary World

Inside this Book love's verses flow
As from a masters hand
And reader if you want to know
~~Who~~ ^{He one who} ~~that~~ thus does stand
Ope up the Book and read its lines
By them you will him know
For like a stellar light he shines
As all his Poems show.

J. Parry.

RHAPSODIES,

BY

W. H. IRELAND,

AUTHOR OF THE
SHAKSPERIAN MSS.

&c. &c.

LONDON:

Printed by D. N. SHURY, Berwick Street, Soho;
AND SOLD BY LONGMAN AND REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1803.

PRINTED BY

W. M. BARNARD

CHURCH OF THE

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1803

TO THE READER.

As on thy title page, poor little book !
 Full oft I cast a sad and pensive look,
 I shake my head, and pity thee;
 For I, alas ! no brazen front possess,
 Nor do I ev'ry potent art profess
 To send thee forth from censure free.

Methinks I see the eye of pedant sage
 Dart forth an angry gleam upon thy page,
 And scornful cast thee from his hand :
 Methinks full many seek to blast thy fame—
 Poems ! they cry ; O, horrid, shameful name !
 Such shocking trash should ne'er be scann'd.

Perhaps to chandler's shop thou wilt be ta'en,
 And for each customer be rent in twain,
 To fold the double Gloucester's slice ;
 Perhaps when in the cupboard lying,
 Toward the cheese some wand'rers straying,
 Will nibble thee—I mean the mice.

Authors will spurn thee from their sight ;
 Critics will damn thee with delight ;

Or some, more cruel,
 May fling thee on the blazing fire,
 So leaf by leaf thou wilt expire,
 And serve for fuel.

Yet some there are, I trust, that will not spurn,
 Nor in the fire thy leaves to ashes burn,

But grant thee one calm reading :
 To such, poor little book ! I prithee go,
 That thou their sentiments mayst quickly know,
 'The others little heeding.

Tell these kind souls, I have full oft beguil'd
 A tedious hour in framing thee, my child !

Ah ! could I hear thee but commended,
 I then should feel the bosom's grateful glow ;
 From me love's purest sentiments would flow
 For such as generously befriended.

DEDICATED,

By Permission,

TO

LADY HUNLOKE,

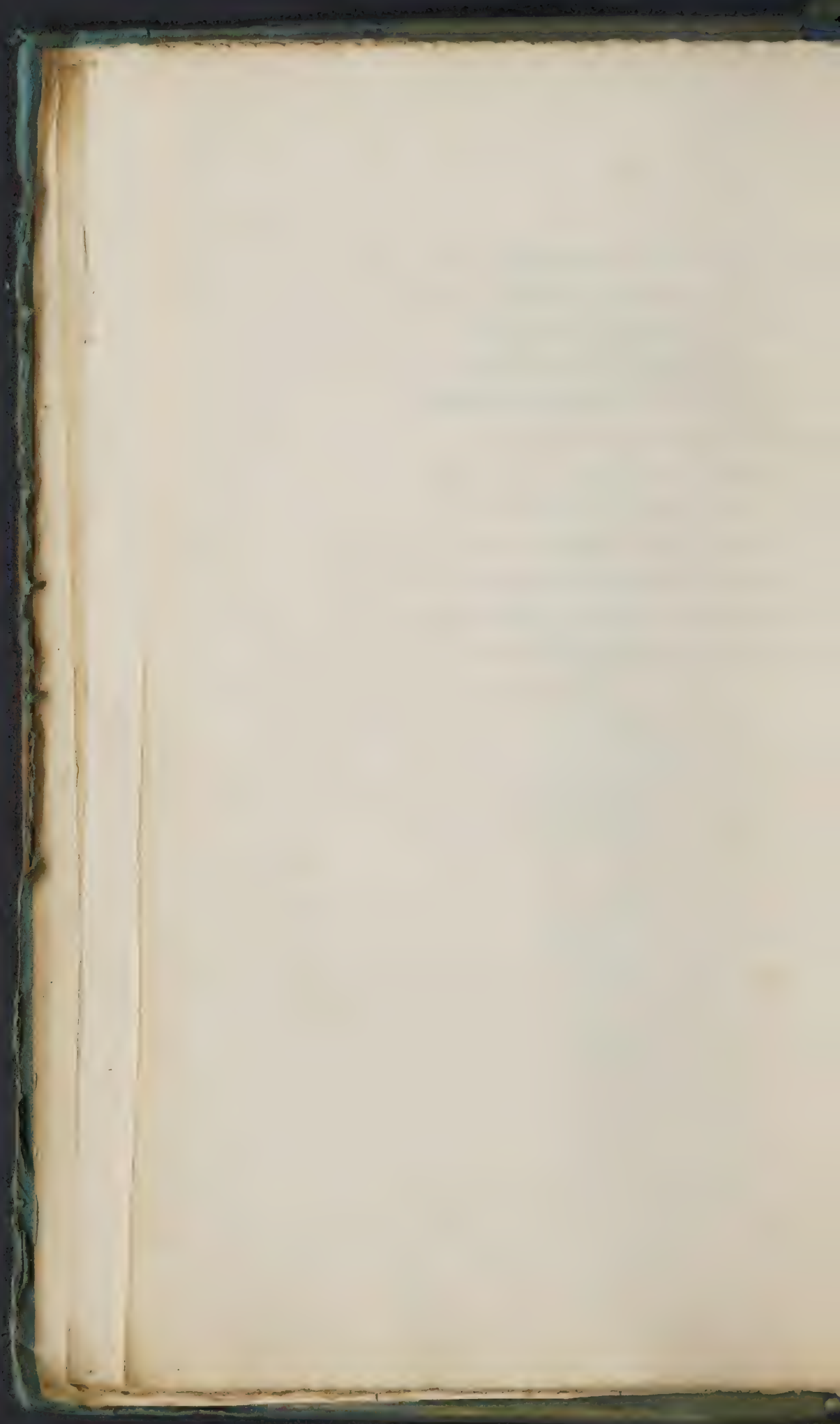
OF WINGERWORTH, DERBYSHIRE.

When first I trod through fashion's airy maze,
 I own the tinsel charm'd my wond'ring gaze ;
 The magic spell my youthful mind confess'd,
 I gaz'd, admir'd, and was supremely bless'd:
 But soon accustomed to the outward glare,
 I bent upon the scene a vacant stare ;
 For under this gay tissue I could find
 No energies that stamp the soaring mind ;
 Genius had yielded to gay Folly's power,
 Since that prov'd sterling which amus'd an hour ;
 Study was irksome, erudition nought,
 He gave most pleasure who display'd least thought ;
 The mind neglected, and corrupted taste,
 Prov'd ev'ry attribute at once debas'd.

*Lady Hunloke at one time living at Melkham
 was the sister of Thos. Wm. Collet of Melkham
 created Earl of Lincoln & Richard Collet
 1837.*

That heaven-created man should sink so low,
 And veil the lustre of bright Reason's glow ;
 That he should stifle, without sense of shame,
 The cries of nature and the love of fame,
 Excited in my breast the pitying sigh,
 While sorrow's gem bedew'd my pensive eye ;
 But what avail'd the sigh, or starting tear,
 The gentle counsel of a friend sincere ;
 Disease had canker'd the internal part,
 And poison'd each warm current of the heart.
 The sad conviction flush'd upon my brain,
 I own'd the truth that thrill'd my breast with pain ;
 I pitied, and determined from that hour
 To shun the scenes that were bereft of power ;
 The wand was shatter'd, and the spell dissolv'd ;
 'Twas prudence sanction'd, and I felt resolv'd.
 But ah ! kind Fate had blessings left behind ;
 Amid this chaos was a breast refin'd ;
 A being fram'd to chase these dread alarms,
 And make me own that fashion still has charms :
 Yours, my dear madam, was that genial soul ;
 I paus'd, you smil'd—I own'd the sweet control :
 You spoke, I list'ned—Reason was the theme ;
 Arous'd once more as from a transient dream,

In you I found the graces of the mind ;
You made me own my judgment was unkind ;
For had I put in force my stern decree,
Your soul's perfections had been lost to me ;
'Twas this conviction made me first desire
To dedicate to you my humble lyre ;
By which I prove, however weak my lay,
That I plead guilty when I go astray ;
And though no pray'r my error can excuse,
Sincere contrition you will not refuse ;
Your smiles can banish ev'ry mental pain,
Forgive the error, and I live again.



RHAPSODIES.

ELEGIAC LINES

To the memory of Thomas Chatterton.

FROM thoughts domestic and from man I turn,
To shed unseen the tributary tear;
To bend the knee to this neglected urn,
And breathe the language of a soul sincere.

Farewell to mirth, farewell the festive throng;
And all the transitory joys of life!
Farewell the dance, the soul-enlivening song,
Domestic harmony, ambitious strife!

Farewell to all!—for jocund thoughts are fled,
 And melancholy now usurps my mind;
 Welcome, thou mansion of the peaceful dead;
 And welcome, moanings of the passing wind.

More pleasing is thy gloom, sad cypress tree!
 Than all the checquer'd sweets of lovely May;
 More grateful are yon orb's pale beams to me,
 Than all the lustre of resplendent day.

Sleep on, melodious songsters of the grove;
 All, save the nightingale, be hush'd in peace;
 Fly to the scenes of sweet content and love,
 For here your warblings must for ever cease.

This hallow'd spot entombs a mind of fire,
 (For genius lies enshrin'd beneath this stone;)
 His soaring brain proclaim'd at once his sire—
 'Twas bright Apollo stamp'd him for his own.

He travell'd not the trodden path to fame,
 But boldly dar'd essay a nobler flight;
 Pedantic and malignant souls might blame,
 He smil'd contemptuous from the mad'ning height.

What though uncouth the language of his verse,
 The monkish phrase his mind could not conceal;
 His strains the bold and plaintive could rehearse,
 Could wake to energy, or make ye feel.

But dull Bristolians forc'd him thence to roam;
 The soil ungenerous he indignant fled;
 Hope told him he might elsewhere find a home:
 He sought, and found it—with the silent dead.

O shame! and in great London's ample space
 Was no compassionating bosom found?
 No fost'ring hand that might his woes efface,
 And minister to misery's bleeding wound?

Where slumber'd then the patrons of the great,
 The great in genius, not the great in name?
 Not one stood forth to snatch him from his fate;
 As deaf to pity as immortal fame.

Who boasts the patronage of merit now?
 England's Apollo is a golden god;
 To Cræsus each sends forth his fervent vow;
 To glowing genius senseless as the clod.

Methinks I hear some angry tongue exclaim :

“ Had I but known him, he had not been poor :”
 ’Tis false ; for one and all ye are the same ;
 If living now — you’d thrust him from your door.

Such pageantry of words the poor might give ;
 Boasting did never yet an impost pay ;
 But if your words might bid the suppliant live,
 You’d prize their worth, and heedless turn away.

Mean, despicable soul ! which thus can bend
 To proffer bounty when the beggar’s fled ;
 To ape the manners of a feeling friend
 For him, long number’d with the silent dead.

No more, sweet youth ! `thy dulcet song shall sound,
 Those tones melodious are for ever mute ;
 Those chords are crack’d which erst would vibrate round,
 When thy bold hand would strike the trembling lute.

Thy pale and bloodless mien methinks I view,
 Thy locks, dishevell’d, and thy sunken eye ;
 The morbid tinge, dread death’s portending hue,
 The unfurl’d banner of fell misery.

Still to the last I see thy dauntless look,
 The speaking herald of thine innate pride;
 The fire of conscious worth, which ne'er forsook
 The soul where Nature meant it to reside.

Now at his side stands resolute Despair;
 She thrusts the goblet in his trembling hand:
 "Drink!" she exclaims, "and end thy mortal care;
 "Drink, and fly far from earth's hard-hearted band!"

Poor, friendless, starving, ev'ry woe conspir'd
 To prompt the action which might yield relief:
 "Come, Fate," he cried, with agony inspir'd;
 And welcom'd death, to terminate his grief.

Cold, senseless marble! still must I complain—
 Still on thy surface let my anguish flow;
 Still vent the sigh, to ease my bosom's pain,
 And waft to thee my heart-oppressing woe.

Farewell, sweet youth! one bosom still can melt,
 Still gaze with anguish, and thy woes deplore;
 Still vainly soothe the suff'rings thou hast felt,
 Those agonies, which thou canst feel no more.

ANACREONTIC.

I lov'd a maid, she prov'd unkind,
 And laugh'd my vows to scorn ;
 My plaints I wafted to the wind,
 With grief my heart was torn.

But, as the brimfull cup I seiz'd,
 Love spread his pinions wide ;
 I quaff'd, and felt my bosom eas'd—
 'Twas Bacchus by my side.

No more the willow spray I'll twine,
 Farewell, deceitful fair ;
 Weave me a chaplet of the vine ;
 Avaunt, corroding care !

Fill me a bowl, a brimmer fill !
 'Tis thus I cure Love's smart ;
 No wound but sparkling wine will kill,
 Though rankling in the heart.

*Reprinted in Christened "Hymnbook Songster"
 1815 Page 224 Vol 1 under the title
 of "The wine that is better than gold"*

EPIGRAM

On a gentleman in fear of bailiffs.

Sir John, whom oft the bailiffs teas'd,
By iron rail one morn was seiz'd,

Which held his great coat by the tail:

"I'm ready, Sir, but pray be mute ;

"How large the debt ? and at whose suit ?"

"Why, at your own," replied the rail.

LINES

Under the statue of Love, by Voltaire.

Qui que tu sois, voici ton maitre,

Il est, il fut, ou le doit etre.

IN ENGLISH.

Whoe'er thou art, thy master see ;

He is, he was, or ought to be.

POOR POLLY, THE MAD GIRL.

Poor Polly was mad, and she sigh'd all alone,
 Her bed the damp turf, and her pillow a stone,
 A poor tatter'd blanket envelop'd her form,
 But her bosom was bar'd to the pitiless storm :
 For, alas! in that breast reign'd love's ardent desire,
 And she thought the bleak winds might perhaps cool
 the fire.

Her hair was dishevell'd, and straw bound her head,
 And lovely her face, though its roses were fled ;
 Her notes, though untutor'd by musical art,
 Were plaintively wild, and sunk deep in the heart :
 And the strain that unceasingly flow'd from her breast,
 Was, "the vulture has plunder'd the nightingale's nest."

Quite frantic I saw her, and pitied her fate ;
 I wept, and my bosom was swelling with hate ;
 My curses, perfidious despoiler ! were thine ;
 My sorrow was offer'd at sympathy's shrine ;
 For remorseless thou fledst her, and scoff'd at her pain ;
 Thou alone art the vulture that prey'st on her brain.

A BALLAD.

THE SAILOR BEN AND THE PEASANT JOE.

For five long years poor Ben had been
Upon the salt sea wave,
And many a tempest dire had seen,
And oft had 'scap'd the grave.

And many a time on top-mast high
He thought of his lov'd dear ;
And oft would vent the struggling sigh,
And check the rising tear.

And many a time at midnight he,
When watching on the deck,
Would think of his lov'd babies three
He left on Susan's neck.

And many a time would he retrace
The parting hour so keen ;
How Susan's tears bedew'd his face,
How agoniz'd her mien.

And oft would recollection shew
His infants void of guile,
Who should have known no touch of woe,
Yet then forgot to smile.

On scenes like these poor Ben would think,
His heart would swell with grief;
Till with his messmates he would drink,
And find in grog relief.

And now the vessel sail'd t'ward shore,
The cliffs appear'd in sight;
And poor Ben thought of grief no more,
His soul was all delight.

The boat now skimm'd the billows o'er,
Ben bade the seas adieu;
For Ben through life might stay on shore,
And live for love and Sue.

Full weighty was his purse with gold,
Poor Ben had sav'd his pay;
For well he knew he should be old,
So guarded 'gainst that day.

He bless'd the hour that set him free,
He bless'd his native earth,
The land of joy and liberty,
The soil that gave him birth.

And Ben each messmate's hand then shook,
Keen sorrow wrung his heart ;
Of each a last farewell he took,
And sigh'd that they must part.

Ben's heart beat slow and sometimes quick,
As fast his store he tied
Unto the sturdy oaken stick,
His safeguard, joy, and pride.

It was a gift of Susan dear,
Ere she became his wife ;
She sigh'd, and bade him prove sincere,
And guard it as his life.

And since that time Ben ne'er had broke
The vow then made to Sue ;
His heart unbending as the oak,
And to his dear one true.

And now with mind o'erjoy'd he pac'd
 The well-known paths along ;
 And oft the distant scenes retrac'd,
 Or sang some seaman's song.

And sometimes whistled to beguile
 The tedious hours away ;
 And sometimes pictur'd with a smile
 The joyful coming day.

Thus warm'd by soft affection's fire,
 He trudg'd from dawn till night,
 When, lo ! the well-remember'd spire
 Appear'd to greet his sight.

O'erjoy'd he gaz'd, while evening's beam
 Shed faint a sober hue ;
 It ting'd the sky with golden gleam,
 And streak'd th' ethereal blue.

And as he gain'd the church-yard stile,
 A Peasant pass'd him near :
 " My friend," cried Ben, " avast awhile ;
 " How long hast thou liv'd here ?"

So Joe turn'd round, and dropp'd his spade ;
 Ben dropp'd his bundle too ;
 And both their feeling souls display'd ;
 It was the sire of Sue.

Ben's arms the old man's neck entwin'd,
 Ben's cheek his shoulder press'd ;
 But agoniz'd was Joseph's mind,
 He sank on poor Ben's breast.

And Ben wept loud, and Joseph sobb'd,
 And not a word they spake ;
 Ben's heart against his bosom throb'd,
 Joe's heart was nigh to break.

And then they sat them on the stile :
 Quoth Ben, " I've gold in store :"
 And then he paus'd a little while :
 " Cheer, man, we part no more."

Still Joe was silent, and Ben's soul
 Felt heavily and sad ;
 For nothing could his thoughts controul,
 And make old Joseph glad.

“ Oh speak, my father, prithee say,

“ How fare my wife and dears ?”

Old Joseph turn'd his head away,

While faster flow'd his tears.

“ Oh God ! my father, tell to me

“ How fares my lovely Sue ?

“ How fare my pretty babies three,

“ I left, my friend, with you ?”

With agony quite overcome,

Old Joseph hid his face ;

Then stammer'd, “ Lord ! thy will be done ;

“ This world's a wretched place.”

And Joseph then outstretch'd his arm,

And turn'd from Ben his mien :

“ Thy wife and babes are free'd from harm ;

“ Beneath yon sod so green.”

Then Ben upon his father cast

A wild and frenzied look ;

And then he grasp'd his hand quite fast,

His frame convulsive shook :

And then he upward turn'd his eye,
Then down upon the sod ;
Life fled in one heart-rending sigh,
And rests in peace with God.

LINES.

THE COMPLAINT OF NEGLECTED LOVE.

Dimm'd is the lustre of that radiant eye,
 Fled are the roses of that polish'd cheek ;
 Mute are those lips that vent the struggling sigh,
 Convulsive throbs that iv'ry bosom sleek.

Dishevell'd hang those locks of auburn hue,
 Which oft that neck in tresses would adorn ;
 Ah ! do not these portend that love's untrue ?
 And has not William left his maid forlorn ?

Yes, faithless youth ! thy practise was but art ;
 Another's grief has sov'reign charms for thee ;
 Or never could thy soul first win a heart,
 And then abandon it to misery.

*Registered in the University of Cambridge 1824
 vol. 5 Page 249*

SOLILOQUY OF A GARRETEER.

Ye sumptuous monuments, whose cloud-crown'd
heights

The gaze of wond'ring man so oft delights ;

Ye pyramids, ye tombs, ye buildings vast,

Which prove that Art e'en Nature's works surpass'd ;

Ye ruin'd villas, once the Roman's pride ;

Ye structures, which our modern arts deride ;

Ye glorious proofs of architect'ral taste ;

Ye columns, aqueducts, and temples chaste ;

Vast Colosseum too, where thousands stood

Exulting in the sacrifice of blood,

Where beasts ferocious prey'd on human gore,

And from the culprit's breast his entrails tore ;

Where iron-mantled gladiator's hand

Hath struck his fellow dead upon the sand ;

Vast Circus, witness of this foul disgrace,

And oft the scene of whirling chariots' race !

Alas ! ye now are mould'ring fast away ;

Stern Time controls, (and Time will have his way:)

No cement can his with'ring touch defy ;
All last a time, but at some time must die.—
If 'fore thy power vast pyramids must tumble ;
If adamant itself to sand must crumble ;
Wherefore should I complain ? why feel despair,
When, after three long years' unceasing wear,
My coat and breeches, once as black as coal,
Are rusty grown, and pierc'd with many a hole.

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

My rapt soul views the morning gleam
 With wonder and delight;
 For in the radiant golden beam
 My Maker greets my sight :
 The vaulted sky,
 And verdant plain,
 The mountain high,
 Or swelling main,
 One Power Divine alike display :
 Thus, Nature's God, and God is day.

I mark the beamy orb of fire
 Through azure expanse roll ;
 My bosom glows with warm desire,
 For God illumines my soul.
 My voice I raise,
 But faint each line,

Too weak to praise
My God divine.
Still with the sun will I proclaim
My rapt'rous praises of his name.

The ruddy hue of silent eve
Still sways my pensive breast,
And whispers, In thy God believe,
The guardian of thy rest.
With thankful heart,
My joyful strain
Doth still impart
My praise again :
And while the breath of life be given,
My soul shall praise the God of Heaven.

LOVE AND PRUDENCE.

Begone ! your heart will fickle prove,
 For men are faithless, and deceive ;
 By flatt'ry first you win our love,
 Then smile that we your vows believe.

And canst thou doubt my bosom's glow ?
 Are all my vows but passing air ?
 Ah ! did thy breast such fervor know,
 Thou couldst not bid me thus despair.

Why wilt thou seek to steal my heart,
 And lull the caution of my soul ?
 Why tell of Cupid's honey'd dart,
 That shaft which reason could control ?

And why hast thou such beauties rare ?
 Why do I such perfection see ?
 Why in that breast, divinely fair,
 Dwells ev'ry charm but love for me ?

Reprinted in "The Poetical Works of William Shakespeare" 1802. Page 110. Vol. 1.

Ah! could I prove thy breast sincere,
 And were thy vows and sighs but true,
 I'd banish each corroding fear,
 And only live for love and you.

CATCH,

*On a set of execrable Fiddlers, to the tune of "Water
 parted from the Sea."*

May ye never play in tune
 Either morning, night, or noon;
 May ye ne'er, at noon or night,
 Know the left hand from the right!

May your strings be ever breaking;
 Pegs I charge ye ne'er unscrew;
 May your heads be always aching!
 Mine, by Heav'n! you've split in two.

PARODY.

Go, Love, my heart's dear guest,
 Upon a dauntless errant;
 Thy shaft shall strike the best;
 For bliss shall be thy warrant:
 Go, since with joy I die,
 And give hard hearts the lie.

Go first to court, which glows~
 As fire amid damp wood;
 And then to church, which shows,
 But acts not, what is good:
 If stubborn they reply,
 Thy shafts shall give the lie.

Tell despots they don't live
 The sov'reigns of their actions;
 Their fiat laws may give;
 Their swords may quell rude factions;
 Yet still they're slaves—and why?
 Thine arrow 's the reply.

Tell lords of high condition,
 That guide the helm of state,
 Thou'lt frustrate their ambition,
 Yet not provoke their hate :
 To this should they reply,
 Go bid them pine and sigh.

Tell soldiers they but boast,
 And merit no commending ;
 Taunt Neptune's daring host ;
 The rich, whose pride is spending :
 If either should defy,
 Laugh, and give each the lie.

Tell priests they want devotion,
 Without thee they are curs'd ;
 Lash those that have a notion
 That true love is but lust :
 Let priests with rapture sigh,
 But let the latter die.

Bid age feel no dejection,
 For in his breast thou'rt moving ;
 His friendship was affection,
 Affection sprang from loving :
 For shame he'll not reply,
 Nor dare to give the lie.

Tell honour 'tis a bubble ;

Tell favour how it falters ;

Tell pleasure 'tis but trouble ;

Tell beauty how it alters :

For if thou art not by,

They are but sound—and lie.

Tell wits they do but wrangle,

That thou canst silence jeering ;

Tell sage men thou'lt entangle,

And laugh to scorn their sneering :

But if they should reply,

Why, let thine arrows fly.

Bid doctors take a lotion,

And for Love's fever scribble ;

Tell law it is a notion,

Its practise but a quibble :

They'll doubtless make reply ;

So teach them both to sigh.

If charity deny thee,

Then ask it whence the feeling ;

If fortune should defy thee,

Or friendship talk of healing :

To each as they reply,

Still laughing, give the lie.

Tell nature thou'rt its master,
 And bid it own thy power ;
 Tell justice to go faster,

Though sullen she may lour :
 If aught they can reply,
 Still give to each the lie.

Tell arts they all yield pleasure ;
 Tell schools that wisdom fires them ;
 Tell science 'tis a treasure,
 Should praise with pride inspire them :
 Then check with this reply—
 You live not if I die.

Tell such as love the city ;
 Tell such as shun its folly ;
 Tell rich, poor, dull, and witty ;
 Tell mirth and melancholy ;
 That though they yield reply,
 Thou still wilt give the lie.

Tell air, fire, earth, and water,
 You hold them in subjection ;
 Tell Nature that you taught her,
 Since all is by affection :
 To this who dares reply,
 Gives Heav'n itself the lie.

So having done as I,
 With this desire of blabbing,
 Though thus to give the lie,
 Perhaps might merit stabbing:
 Yet let them stab that will,
 Love reigns despotic still.

EPIGRAM

On a known fact.

Cold Ellen sat beneath a girandole,
 And by her pensive stood the love-sick soul,
 Who fain would falter forth his true confession ;
 Upon her bosom fell one drop of wax :
 He took his seal—" Ah ! now you must relax,
 " For on you I will make my first impression."

THE LITTLE RED WOMAN,

A LEGENDARY TALE,

*From the Romance of the Abbot of Oronza, which will
speedily be published.*

PART THE FIRST.

The little Old Woman was clothed in red,
On a three-legged stool she sat ;
She mutter'd, and something this Old Woman said,
She mumbled, and mumbled, and thrice shook her head,
And look'd on her ugly black cat.

This little Red Woman was grim to behold,
More ugly than Sin in a rage ;
Her face was all wrinkles, for she was quite old,
Her skin hung about her in many a fold,
Full ninety and nine was her age.

The meagre black cat had a ravenous eye,
Its ribs through its skin did appear ;
And piercing and strange was this animal's cry,
As it squatted the little Red Woman hard by,
The like mortal never did hear.

From under her cloak then this Old Woman drew
Her hand that was skinny and brown ;
And blood did the Old Woman's fingers bedew,
For hellish the deeds were this beldam would do,
And terribly grim was her frown.

Her hand the pale head of a dead infant bore,
Thick blood from the neck clotted fell ;
'Twas the head of a babe which at midnight she tore
From sepulchre dreary she lov'd to explore ;
Her soul she had given to hell.

And now from the sockets she tore forth the eyes,
And gorg'd on the damp livid skin ;
And dreadful it then was to hear the cat's cries,
Till the Old Woman threw it the half-devour'd prize ;
She eat, yet was ugly and thin.

This little Red Woman suck'd infants' pure blood,
 And living she'd steal them away ;
 Hearts, livers, and eyes was this old beldam's food,
 And those she lov'd best which belong'd to the good ;
 The Devil she thus did obey.

But now came the time that her bond did expire,
 Which with her own blood had been sign'd ;
 The little Red Woman still felt some desire
 To live free from torments and hell's parching fire,
 And dread 'gan to seize on her mind.

To pray was in vain, for her God she denied ;
 To convent she fear'd much to go ;
 For Jesu this little Red Woman defied,
 And Mary the Virgin, all christian souls' pride ;
 Now what must this old Woman do ?

She thought, and she thought, while her catey'd her well ;
 The Old Woman felt much affright ;
 (For Vinegar Tom could her inmost thoughts tell ;)
 Tho' a cat to her eyes, 'twas a foul fiend from hell,
 That watch'd her by day and by night.

From her three-legged stool the Red Woman uprose,
 The cat trotted on at her side;
 'Twas evening, and down to the bare wood she goes;
 And oft on the black cat a rue glance she throws,
 And never a word late was her pride.

That night and next day was the old beldam free,
 The star midnight seal'd her fate;
 For aged one hundred this Woman would be,
 And such the agreement was sign'd on her knee,
 'Fore Beelzebub seated in state.

And now the rich spires of Saint Sifred appear,
 The convent was gay to behold,
 But the nearer she came, more awake was her fear,
 Her eyes the Red Woman scarce dar'd to uprear,
 Her terrors encreas'd seven fold.

And now to the lofty old gateway she came,
 When, lo! there she halted awhile;
 As when ague fit seizes, so trembled her frame,
 She felt all the terrors of guilt and of shame;
 So they feel whom sin doth defile.

The little Red Woman knock'd once, but in vain,
 Her soul 'gan with horror to quake;
 Her heart it throb'd quick, burning hot was her brain,
 The blow she repeated again and again,
 The lofty old portal did shake.

At length came a father; he peep'd thro' the grate;
 " What would'st thou, Old Woman?" quoth he:
 " I prithee, good father, straight open the gate;
 " I'd speak with the abbot, for hard is my fate—
 " Your holy superior I'd see."

And now the monk open'd the portal full wide,
 She tremblingly enter'd therein;
 The meagre black cat still kept close at her side,
 And into the convent thus quickly did glide,
 Which ne'er had contain'd so much sin.

" And wilt thou conduct me?" the Old Woman said,
 " And wilt thou straight lead me the way?"
 " Oh! yes, little Woman all clothed in red,
 " So light thro' the chambers thy footsteps thou'lt tread,
 " Thy wishes anon I'll obey."

So soft through the porter's small chamber they creep,

And there, in an old elbow chair,

A father was sitting absorbed in sleep,

And his loud nasal sounds were sonorous and deep,

He felt neither sorrow nor care.

They travers'd the cloisters, they travers'd the hall,

And pass'd thro' the chambers full high ;

And there many monks rested 'gainst the cold wall,

For sleep did the senses of each man enthrall ;

Each monk snor'd aloud lullaby.

End of the first Part.

THE LITTLE RED WOMAN.

PART THE SECOND.

And now they arriv'd at the good abbot's cell ;
The father knock'd once at the ring ;
Then thrice pull'd the chain of the little brass bell,
The clapper thrice beat, and thrice sounded the knell :
Quoth the abbot, " What news dost thou bring ? "

" 'Tis I, father Jerom, " the porter then said ;
" An old woman fain would come in : "
Quoth the abbot, " My soul sinks with terror and dread ;
" Say, is not the penitent clothed in red,
" And wrinkled and swarthy her skin ? "

Quoth Jerom, " Good abbot, a saint you must be,
" The truth, without seeing, to tell ;
" For red is the mantle as low as her knee,
" And red is her kirtle, and ugly is she,
" I never saw mortal so fell. "

“ Go hence, trusty Jerom,” the abbot then cried ;

“ This sinner I’ll straightway confess.”

The porter obey’d, while the Red Woman tried

To banish her horrors ; but this was denied ;

She felt not her terrors the less.

And now the old abbot his chamber pac’d round,

He stalk’d it about and about ;

His arms they were folded, his eyes bent to ground,

And something he mutter’d, and faint was the sound ;

The Old Woman naught could make out.

Anon to the door did the abbot advance,

He op’d it, and in march’d the dame ;

She first ey’d the father, and then look’d askance ;

Beside her still Vinegar Tom met her glance ;

She trembled with terror and shame.

The abbot then sate himself down in his chair ;

“ Approach now, Old Woman !” said he ;

“ Come, kneel down beside me, confess all your care ;

“ Your cruelty, witchcraft, each sin straight declare ;

“ Your soul is in dread jeopardy.”

The Red Woman trembled; and falter'd awhile;
 At length she began to impart
 How often sweet babies she us'd to beguile,
 How ev'ry commandment of God she'd defile,
 How Satan was lord of her heart.

The abbot look'd grimly, the sinner turn'd white,
 The father bent on her his eye;
 She trembled, and trembled, and shrunk from his sight,
 Each glance ev'ry hope of her soul seem'd to blight,
 And told her that Fate cast the die.

"And must I not pray, father abbot?" she said,
 "To Jesu and Blessed Marie?"
 "No, no," cried the abbot, thrice shaking his head,
 "'Tis I, little Woman, must pray in your stead,
 "For useless thy praying would be."

Anon toll'd the curfew, and then drew in night;
 Quoth the dame, "Good sir abbot, I pray,
 "Oh! speak; should I not tell my beads in your sight?
 "My soul is all horror, I'm palsied with fright."
 "No pray'r," quoth the monk, "you must say."

Now loudly and slowly the convent bell beat ;

“ 'Tis eleven ! ” the Old Woman cried ;

“ For mercy, sir abbot ! pray on, I entreat,

“ That so I may Satan's fell purpose defeat.”

Still closer she crept to his side.

Now steal on the minutes by one, two, and three,

They steal on by six, sev'n, and eight ;

The Red Woman trembled like leaf on a tree,

While nearer she drew to the old abbot's knee,

For greatly she dreaded her fate.

The quarter, the half-hour, the three-quarters toll,

The moments glide swiftly away ;

No longer the abbot her tongue could control ;

She cried, “ Mercy, Jesu ! redeem my lost soul,

“ Or foul fiends will snatch it away.”

And now the bell sounds forth a loud brazen knell,

It toll'd four times one, two, and three ;

It warn'd the red dame that 'twas midnight so fell,

The hour when her vile soul was sentenc'd to hell :

“ Oh ! mercy, sir abbot ! ” quoth she.

“ Oh ! yes, I'll have mercy,” the abbot replied,
 As quickly he sprang from the seat :
 “Thou fain would'st have strove thy dread lord to deride,
 “ And shun thine own patron, but this was denied ;
 “ I knew, and prevented the cheat.

“ Yes, beldam, no longer my pow'r you'll defy ;
 “ Your master now stands in your sight ;
 “ 'Twas I charm'd the monks, and they snore lullaby ;
 “ A fiend was thy porter, the Devil am I ;
 “ Prepare for the regions of night !”

He scarcely had ended, when down dropp'd the cowl,
 The vestments all vanish'd away ;
 And Vinegar Tom sent a hideous howl,
 And straight was transform'd to a fiend grim and foul,
 Prepar'd his dread lord to obey.

Slow faded the form which the Devil had ta'en ;
 When, lo ! in its stead did appear
 The figure of Satan, with long tail and mane,
 Sharp claws were his hands, to inflict hellish pain,
 And slowly his form he 'gan rear.

His colour was black, and his eyes globes of fire,
 From his nostrils rush'd sulphur and smoke ;
 His teeth red hot spikes, grinning ghastly and dire,
 His height to the convent's arch'd roof did aspire,
 Like thunder his voice when he spoke.

His middle a girdle of snakes did entwine,
 From his jaws too ran brimstone and blood ;
 Red blotches like meteors upon him did shine ;
 Each foot had sharp claws to the number of nine,
 Wherewith he oft tortur'd the good.

Then forth from his girdle the parchment he drew ;
 He rais'd it, and cried, " Prithee see ;
 " Here's the bond stain'd with blood, the deed signed
 " by you :"
 (The Red Woman shriek'd, for the signet she knew :)
 " So come, little Woman with me."

She scream'd as she ran, but the Devil so fell
 His claw stuck within her crook'd back ;
 He rais'd her, he whirl'd her, and then with a yell,
 Plung'd down fathoms deep in the regions of hell ;
 She's tortur'd with scorpions and rack.

And now being ended the Devil's dire charm,
Each monk from his trance did arise;
They felt naught of terror, they knew naught of harm,
But chaunted their vespers quite free from alarm ;—
It is thus with the good and the wise.

Thus ended the Old Woman clothed in red ;
Again on her stool she ne'er sat,
Nor mumbled her curses, nor shook her bald head,
For since on her entrails the demon hath fed
That once was her ugly black cat.

SONG---POOR JANE.

Sadly Jane sat weaving willow
 On a rock that crown'd the billow ;
 To whose roar she sigh'd, and said :
 " Tell me, tell me, boist'rous railer !
 " Where's my Will, my own true sailor ?"
 Then she wept, and hung her head.
 " If we're parted,
 " Broken hearted,
 " Pining Jane with death shall wed."

Oft to Heav'n her eyes upraising,
 Then on wat'ry expanse gazing,
 Weeping still, she sigh'd her fear :
 Sudden on the distant ocean
 Jane beheld a sail in motion :
 " 'Tis my Will, my life, my dear !
 " Farewell mourning !
 " Joy's returning !"
 Smiling sweet, she dried the tear.

But the rays of hope are fleeting;
Soon tempestuous waves were beating;
Jane in anguish sigh'd her pain:
Now she cried, "The bark is sinking!"
Reason fled, on William thinking;
Mad, she plung'd into the main.
Woes are ended,
Death befriended;
Peaceful sleep poor Will and Jane.

Remains of Elizabeth's "Memorial" 1834
1834 Page 348 Vol. 1 under the title
"Peaceful sleep poor Will and Jane"

EXTEMPORE,

*In a Bean-Field at four in the morning, after remaining
at table till that hour with a convivial party.*

With dew-damp'd wing the clarion lark
Salutes the beamy orb of day,
Whose front dispels the sullen dark,
And gilds the East with purple ray.

The fiery gleams illumine the sky,
Absorbing ev'ry fainter hue ;
The matin cock sounds forth his cry,
While sun-beams sip the glist'ning dew.

The plowman whistling greets the dawn,
The shepherd tends his harmless sheep,
They crop the flow'rets of the lawn,
As peaceful o'er the turf they creep.

Be such the scene, the blissful state,
To sweet serenity assign'd !
Be ever such the happy fate
Attending a contented mind !

LINES

By a Poet, to the object of his idolatry.

Do not my eyes, when I gaze on each feature,
Express all the transport that reigns in my soul?
Yes, they avow that I sigh for a creature
Created by Heav'n each thought to control.

Does not my breast throb with rapturous pleasure,
Whene'er her soft eyes beam the language of bliss?
Shall I not own myself charm'd beyond measure,
As, gazing, I know she will grant me a kiss?

Yes; I confess that no mortal was ever
Bless'd with affection so ardent, so true;
No fate, my dear creature, our union shall sever,
My heart, lovely Rosa, was form'd but for you.

*Reprinted in "The Poet's Magazine" Vol. 1, No. 1, 1801
Page 271. (Vol. 1, No. 1, 1801)
My heart, lovely Rosa, was form'd but for you
- also again in Vol. 2, Page 67*

THE BASTARD.

Alone thou stand'st, a wretched Bastard born ;
Go, let thine acts thy friendless name adorn :
Spurn the state title lawful children bring,
Thou dost from love-engender'd union spring ;
A child of chance—a being uncontroll'd,
A glowing creature form'd in passion's mould ;
Whose soul unshackled soars above mankind,
And leaves the world and all its cares behind :
Thou mind of fire upon creation hurl'd !
Thou sun amid the children of the world !
Thou noon-tide blaze, whose all-absorbing light
Astounds of lineal men the drowsy sight !
Thou mortal with immortal thoughts inspir'd,
With energy akin to madness fir'd !
Thou bold imagination doubly hot,
Because in passion's two-fold blaze begot !
Alike excess of pleasure form'd to feel,
And pity from the breast of Mercy steal :
Go, seek thy fate, thou glowing child of chance !
Form'd to disdain the prudish matron's glance ;

More proud to own thyself a Bastard free,
Than heir begot of lineal progeny,
O ! may thy tale, conceiv'd in freedom's mind,
Protection in each free-born bosom find !
May Bastards, tho' bereft of friend and name,
Feel in their breasts eternal thirst of fame !
May they with glorious emulation burn !
And may the wreath in death adorn their urn !
May they thro' life astound weak mortals gaze !
May they fill after-ages with amaze !
And may their memories wear the lasting bays !

THE BASTARD'S COMPLAINT.

Come, sleep oblivious! come, eternal death!
I loath the hour that gave me vital breath:
Better be nought, than live to curse the light,
And grasp at bliss in everlasting night.
In vain I claim a father; none is near:
In vain I weep; no mother dries the tear:
By these denied, by parents thus forgot,
Who shall commiserate the Bastard's lot?
Not one: he stands the finger-mark of scorn,
Dejected, helpless, wretched, and forlorn;
His bark is launch'd upon a troubled deep,
His days are stormy, and perturb'd his sleep:
Awake, he feels the iron lash of woe;
His dreams anew the tyrant spectre show;
He wars in vain against opposing ill;
By day, by night, the vision haunts him still.
For others' faults the Bastard's thus condemn'd,
Bereft of father, mother, kindred, friend;
And shall he bear resign'd his load of grief?
No: death's the antidote shall bring relief.

REPLY TO THE BASTARD'S COMPLAINT.

Why should the Bastard rail his hapless fate ?
 The proud in suff'ring are supremely great :
 'Tis when oppression would the mind control,
 That genius rends the fetters from the soul,
 Bursts thro' the barrier of opposing ill,
 And proves itself the agent of free-will.
 Thou know'st no father's love, no mother's sigh,
 No kindred but the fost'ring Power on high ;
 By one neglected, and the other's shame,
 Thy sole inheritance the Bastard's name.
 Be such thy lot, and with it rest content ;
 'Tis Heav'n decrees it—God Omnipotent.
 Thou hast no fetter to enchain the soul,
 'Tis godlike will each action must control ;
 'Tis to be more than mortal, more refin'd,
 To be in form the man, the God in mind.
 Arouse the dormant feelings of thy breast,
 In every action stand thyself confess'd ;
 Mar not the will supreme, but lustrous shine,
 Prove thyself foster'd by a God Divine.

TO A FRIEND,

*On requesting an explanation of the motto,**“ QUID EST HONOR ? ”*

Quid est honor? you simply ask;
To solve the question no hard task :
'Tis not a lesson taught in schools,
Or to be learnt by grammar rules ;
It flows from principles innate,
Without it none can e'er be great :
'Tis nor to age nor sex confin'd,
But reigns despotic o'er the mind :
At once this motto to construe,
He learns it who is known to you.

ODE TO CHARITY.

Bear hence the gold-strung lyre,
 Whose strains my soul inspire
 To deeds of martial fire ;
 Bring the tender breathing flute ;
 Bring the silv'ry chorded lute,
 From whose soft string,
 On zephyr's wing,
 Tender strains in concord float ;
 My song shall join the dulcet note ;
 For 'tis Heaven-born Charity
 Wakes the soul to harmony ;
 Her touch the feelings of my breast control ;
 The dew-glaz'd eye,
 The pitying sigh,
 To thrilling sadness melt th' enraptur'd soul.

I'll sigh more soft than youthful Love,
 And sweeter sing than widow'd dove,

Or milk-hu'd swan, whose dying strain
 Moans plaintive o'er the liquid plain.
 From dew-sprinkled rosy bed,
 Waving light its blushing head ;
 From a bank, where violet's bloom
 Wafts the breeze of rich perfume,
 Mingling odours with my lay,
 Scented breath of genial May ;

Oh ! join my song,
 Ye heavenly throng,
 I chant the praise of Charity,
 Lov'd daughter of the Deity,
 Mother of Christianity.

Her form in robes of lily hue,
 Bedeck'd with Pity's glist'ning dew,
 Her mien, where majesty and sweetness shine,
 Is stamp'd with every lineament divine :

Hither see she comes along,
 Follow'd by the countless throng ;

At either breast
 An infant's press'd,
 Whose dimpled smile,
 Devoid of guile,

Uprais'd, its mother's visage meets:
 Hark! the widow's joyous cry,
 Sorrow's liquid gem is dry,
 Calm content beams from her eye,
 And joy my rapt attention greets.

Silver fronted age appears,
 Bow'd beneath the weight of years;
 No more the youth's oppress'd with grief;
 The woe-worn damsel finds relief,
 The wounded vet'ran of the plain,
 The crippled tar sav'd from the main,
 No longer breathe their plaints in vain;
 Thy pitying breast
 Lulls woe to rest;
 Thy melting soul can feel,
 Thy bounteous hand will heal;
 Heav'n create! one gleam impart,
 Let thy radiance warm my heart;
 Be thou my guide, blest Charity!
 Lead me to immortality.

LINES

To the departed Spirit of a Parent.

Where rests she now? with still oblivious Death,
 In damp, cold, pestilential sepulchre :
 With Death? yes Death, fell monarch of the tomb,
 Grim despot of the realms of night. O grave!
 Thou gap 'twixt man and dread eternity,
 Thou hast enclosed her : yes, beyond recal
 Of mortal man she rests. Nor filial pray'r,
 No nor a daughter's pangs can move thee now
 To vent the sigh or shed one pitying tear.
 Where's nature—kindred—where those tender ties
 That link'd us to each other? dissolv'd, burst
 By the fell grasp of man's relentless foe,
 In whom is vested will and power supreme
 To judge, condemn, and execute. O Death !
 Methinks I see thee, thou grim king of horrors !
 Thy throne's a myriad of grinning skulls;
 Thy footstool is a lusty youth in 's prime,
 Wreathing in the last agony ; thy crown's
 A toothless jaw, and from each cavity
 A winged arrow springs with poison tipp'd.

Thus are encircled this dread monarch's temples,
 But how imagine, then, his ghastly visage?
 Deep in each socket rolls a pallid flame,
 Glutting itself upon a mother's pangs,
 And, hungry grinning at the new-born babe,
 Seals it, with look malignant, for his own ;
 While from his jaws the flesh-devouring worms
 Fantastic twine about his chatt'ring teeth,
 Kissing his morbid lips. O horrible!
 The dread thought chills and unnerves my manhood.
 Avaunt then, thou brain-engender'd spectre !
 Least imagination kindle a flame,
 Which godlike reason cannot quell. What then?
 And is thy reign eternal? Is she gone,
 To own thy sov'reignty for ever? No—
 The God of light appears : before his face
 Crumble to dust the adamantine gates ;
 And where dwelt horrors and chaotic gloom,
 Reigns glory everlasting. Blessed change !
 And thou, Divine assurance ! doubly bless'd !
 That giv'st for death an immortality—
 Thee will I cherish till life's fever's o'er,
 Which shall translate me hence to taste with thee
 Of bliss beyond the grave.

THE WHITE LADY*;

OR,

THE NUN OF STRASBURG'S TALE.

Say wherefore thro' yon mould'ring tower

So piteous howls the blast ?

And wherefore at the midnight hour

Are moon-beams overcast ?

Sir Knight, and didst thou never hear

Of Blanche the Lady White,

Who oft is wont to strike with fear

The traveller by night ?

* I have myself given the title of *The Nun of Strasburg's Tale* to this ballad ; but the relation of the belief in the appearance of the White Lady occurs, to the best of my recollection, in a note in *Zimmermann's Solitude*, wherein he simply states, that the Spectre is always visible by the common people when any dire event portends the Royal Family ; from which hint I planned these stanzas.

Full fifty years are roll'd away
 Since mirth yon chambers grac'd ;
 Full fifty years hath time's decay
 Their beauty now defac'd :
 For slowly stalks the pale, pale form,
 Of Blanche the Lady White,
 While oft the thunder's hideous storm
 Clouds moon-beams from the sight.

The robes which round her loosely flow,
 The veil that shrouds her hair,
 Seem form'd alike of purest snow
 Which cloud-capp'd mountains bear.
 But badg'd with blood, the hand is seen
 Of Blanche the Lady White,
 And pale, pale shews her meagre mien,
 When bluely gleams the light.

These lands and castle once did own
 Alphonso's mighty sway ;
 Alphonso, kindred to the throne,
 Whom none dar'd disobey.
 At court this noble saw the face
 Of Blanche the Lady White,
 Whose lovely form and moving grace
 Inspir'd him with delight.

Full oft he strove to win her love,
But nought avail'd his pray'r;
Nought could the virtuous lady move,
For wedded was the fair.

By force Alphonso bore away
Bright Blanche the Lady White,
While in a distant land did stray
Her own dear lord and knight.

Then hither sped Alphonso great,
And in yon castle dwelt;
In vain the lord display'd his state,
Her heart he cou'd not melt.

Then base he strove to gain the bed
Of Blanche the Lady White,
But, worn with pining, Blanche was dead;
Her soul had ta'en its flight.

Alphonso's eye balls glar'd around,
He pierc'd his recreant breast,
While blood, fast trickling from the wound,
On Blanche's hand did rest.

Since which, when evil fate betides
Our emperor of might,
Forth from the tomb the spectre glides
Of Blanche the Lady White.

FRAGMENT.

Arouse my soul, that I may snatch one ray,
And claim alliance with the god of day ;
That I may wake from this lethargic dream,
And own the influence of Apollo's beam ;
Then shall bright fancy spread her pinions wide,
Then shall my genius dare some thought untried,
And boldly soaring to bright realms unknown,
Demand the new-found region for my own.
Hark ! 'tis Apollo tunes the dulcet lyre,
I feel a spark of his celestial fire.
See where Apelles comes, whose touch divine
Pourtray'd lov'd Nature's image line for line ;
Whose matchless hand could Alexander trace,
And ray Campaspe in each blooming grace.
Beside this prince of painters, mark the mien
Of mighty Raphael, beaming heaven serene ;
Of him whose pencil, with a touch refin'd,
Pourtray'd the Saviour of all human kind.

See Michael Angelo, whose fervid brain
 Could paint excess of joy, excess of pain ;
 Whose magic art an angel's bliss could tell,
 Or show the horrors of the damn'd in hell.
 Behold great Titian, who so oft display'd
 The angel figure of the holy maid ;
 Whose trees their waving verdure seem'd to bear,
 Whose fading distance was not art, but air ;
 Whose daring genius nothing could control,
 But gave the canvas all the poet's soul.
 Da Vinci comes, whose high-wrought works might pass
 Nor Nature's self reflected in a glass ;
 But not for this alone he claims our praise,
 He drew the countenance a thousand ways ;
 No human line his pencil could escape,
 'Twas man an angel, or t'was man an ape.
 The bold Romano's battles then appear,
 Dead, dying, victor, vanquish'd, courage, fear ;
 Each limb and swelling muscle seems to show
 Their shield is strength, and death awaits each blow.
 Steeds neighing and o'erthrown augment the fray,
 'Tis who shall bear the blood-stain'd wreath away.
 Lo ! where Corregio, master of his art,
 Displays the anguish of a bursting heart ;

Lucretia, from his pencil seems to die,
 Her look disdaining life with infamy.
 Enough; we know the merits of the dead;
 Of living artists little has been said;
 Be mine the task, with microscopic eye,
 Impartially their merits to descry.
 'Tis Nature's law shall sanction or disprove;
 The school of nature is the school I love.

EPIGRAM

On a set of bell ringers.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Unfeeling ringers, by the Lord!
 You're pests to all the land;
 Each neck by right should wear the cord
 You grasp within your hand.

ON THE HEART,

ADDRESSED TO JOHN FELTHAM, ESQ.

In ev'ry mortal form resides
The panting source of breath ;
From thence the purple current glides ;
There centre life and death.

This flutt'ring pris'ner can impart
To man ecstatic joy ;
The warm emotions of the heart
Yield bliss, or bliss destroy.

Thence flows the agonizing grief
For parent, kindred, friend ;
'Tis this alone can yield relief,
And soothing comfort lend.

But ah ! more potent far than this
Is what we all must prove,
When we experience the soft bliss
Which flows from tender love.

'Tis there the urchin's arrows fly,
Which raise the warm desire ;
From thence bursts forth the fev'rish sigh,
When rapture fans the fire.

Thus kindles in the heart each glow
That warms our senseless clod ;
From thence those gen'rous feelings flow
Which stamp us sons of God.

SEA SONG., †

From Plymouth, in the Vulcan we set sail,
 Three hundred was the number of our crew;
 We left Old England with a fine brisk gale,
 And, sighing, bade our girls a last adieu.
 For five long months propitious prov'd the wind,
 That bore us swiftly o'er the raging main;
 Thus all went cheerily, for fate was kind;
 Each thought to see his native land again.

Now mark the change—'twas midnight, and the blast
 In fury drove us o'er the foaming flood;
 With blackest horror was the sky o'ercast,
 When lo! the cry was heard that froze our blood.
 To work all hands, to work! she's fir'd below,
 Secure the gun-room, or we're blown on high;
 Pour on; yet faster let the torrents flow,
 For see, the curling flames mount to the skies.

† The song is printed in "The Englishman's Boy" 1821 in Vol. 1 page 241 under the title of "The Shipwreck"

Heave o'er the boat, the gallant captain cried ;

Let's save at least some sturdy hearts and true.

The boat was hove, but danger all defied ;

Good Captain, we'll not budge, but die with you.

Then down we knelt, and pray'd to Heaven for grace,

" Great God forgive us, for all hope is past."

Each rose, and gave his fellow one embrace,

Then, plunging 'mid the billows, sought his last.

To splinters was the vessel instant blown,

The crash still adding to the tempest's roar :

I saw my messmates struggling, heard them groan,

While clinging to a plank I gain'd the shore.

Thus of three hundred, I alone am left

To tell our hopes, our fears, and perils dire ;

To paint a seaman's anguish when bereft

Of friends and messmates by consuming fire.

LINES

*On hearing a person maintain that Man might have been
formed less vicious.*

Wert thou the lord of sovereign fate,
And all but subject to thy choice,
Thou'd'st form the infant more sedate,
The child would list to Reason's voice;
The school-boy ne'er would disobey;
The youth ne'er own love's mad'ning fire;
The man would never go astray,
Nor age possess one wild desire.
Each glowing passion thou would'st thus enslave,
And then, unmov'd, consign us to the grave.

Misguided man! did'st thou control
The secret springs that gave us birth,
Thou'd'st rob the infant of its soul,
The child would be but senseless earth;

The school-boy a mechanic frame,
And youth a heavy moving clod ;
The man would only have the name,
And age forget there is a God.
Our passions, if they ought not, would not be,
Then seek not to instruct the Deity.

EPITAPH,

*Written at the request of a friend, on his much-lamented
wife.*

Stay, pitying passenger! and vent the sigh ;
Shed, shed with me the sympathetic tear ;
An angel's fled ; stern fate has cast the die,
And love and friendship both lie slumb'ring here.

LINES

On a happy union.

The prince and the noble, I envy them not,
Nor merchant nor miser, the gold they have got;
Contentment I covet; for that I despise
All fancy-drawn visions that dazzle the eyes.

Let some boast the nectar of Bacchus's bowl,
And swear that good liquor enlivens the soul;
I ask not to quaff these libations divine,
Since madness, not pleasure, arises from wine.

Let the libertine boast of his unrestrain'd joys,
I'll tell him that frequency pleasure destroys;
That to love only one is the conduct I chose,
And I find that each virtue concentrates in Rose.

May our constancy baffle the taunts of the gay!
May Love o'er our union expand his pure ray!
In the current of life may no tempest be known,
But Love, fervent Love, claim each day for his own!

F 2

*Reprinted in Quaker's Memorial Magazine
1828 Vol II Page 13 under the title
of "May Love be our constant companion
his power strong"*

THE ABBEY PORCH,
AND
MELANCHOLY MAN'S CONTEMPLATION.

The moon was pale, the stars were bright,
I pensive walk'd along;
The abbey porch appear'd in sight,
I heard the raven's song.

And as it cried, I trembled sore;
I paus'd, with fear oppress'd;
I stopp'd, where once the friendly door
Was ope' to the distress'd.

Beside the porch was hewn a seat,
By time worn to decay,
Which once the traveller would greet
When wandering on his way.

I sat me down with pensive mien,
Upon my hand reclin'd:
Rude storms, quoth I, this pile hath seen,
Ill fate hath worn my mind.

The time has been, this ruin'd mass
Was splendid to the sight :
I once was gay, but now, alas !
My soul knows no delight.

Where echoed once the hymn of praise,
Now howls the nipping blast ;
The jocund strain no more I raise,
Joy's beam is overcast.

A cloud of sorrow dims that sun
Whose radiance warm'd my breast ;
I'm melancholy, lost, undone :
To die were to be bless'd.

BALLAD.

THE WILLOW.

Ah, willow, willow ! droop with me,
Still bend thy verdant head,
For I have lost my own true love,
Ah ! wherefore is she fled ?
Sad willow tree,
She's gone from me,
So, willow, I will weep with thee.

The silver stream which bathes thy root,
Is emblem of my heart,
It gently murmurs as it glides ;
I moan love's cruel smart.
So willow weep,
When cold I sleep,
And shade me in the grave full deep.

*Reprinted from the "Universal Magazine"
1825, Vol. 2, p. 241.*

For round thee still the breeze shall moan ;

Thou still wilt droop thine head,
And, weeping, shade the friendly turf
That shrouds me when I'm dead.

So, willow tree,
I'll sit by thee,
Thou soother of my misery.

EPIGRAM

On a country judge.

FROM THE FRENCH.

“ Why, how now, rascals? guard the door!

“ Keep silence! whence this vile uproar?

“ The clamour almost breaks my head:

“ Keep peace, I say!” the Justice cried;

“ Ten causes I've already tried,

“ Yet have not heard what has been said.”

BACCHANALIAN:

IN VINO VERITAS.

What is life? a fickle ocean;

What is joy? a transient ray;

What is love? a youthful notion;

Wine alone drives care away.

Why then murder time by thinking?

Fill my goblet, fill with wine;

Life affords no joy but drinking,

That alone makes man divine.

What's the bigot warm'd by praying?

What's the advent'rous seaman's gain?

What's the soldier's zeal? a saying;

Wine can only fire the brain.

To all ills I bid defiance,

And, though mortal, prove divine,

With the gods I claim alliance;

They quaff nectar, I drink wine.

Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page:

THE MISTRESS'S QUESTION.

Where dwells the rosy dimpled boy—

Or in the heart or head ?

Is Love a torment or a joy,

When in his chains we're led ?

Say, does he dip in sweets his dart ?

And is it barb'd with gold ?

Or does it venom'd gall impart,

Or blade of iron cold ?

And are its feathers of dove's down,

Or pluck'd from raven's wing ?

Say, does the little urchin frown,

Or will he comfort bring ?

*Reprinted in The Edinburgh Magazine
1825 Vol. 3 Page 157*

THE LOVER'S REPLY.

Oh ! Love is joy, ecstatic bliss,
 He reigns through every part ;
 His shafts can never prove amiss,
 They warm the head and heart.

With gold his arrow's point is tipp'd,
 It bears no iron dread ;
 In sweeter juice than bee e'er sipp'd
 Is damp'd its glist'ning head.

No boding raven's feather's found ;
 Dove's plume his arrows bear ;
 My heart still cherishes the wound
 Which you have planted there.

Reprinted from "The Lover's Reply" 1827 Vol. 3
Page 159

ON THE DEATH OF A FEMALE FRIEND,

Well known in the literary world.

Hark ! on the bosom of the wind I hear
The sad vibration of the distant bell;
It claims the tribute of a feeling tear,
'Tis Mary's, lovely Mary's, passing knell.

If rose was ever blooming, lily fair,
Or spring's mild zephyrs breath'd perfumes around;
If violet e'er display'd its colour rare,
United these were all in Mary found.

Her cheek the rose and lily's tinge combin'd ;
Her breath was perfum'd as sweet-scented May ;
Her eyes the violet's azure tinge refin'd,
From whence beam'd tenderness and beauty's ray.

If in the spiral poplar grace we view,
More graceful was the form of her I weep ;
If ever yet the sage of wisdom knew,
Such were her powers now wrapp'd in death's drear
sleep.

But these perfections we behold no more;
The zephyr's perfume is for ever fled;
The poplar's grace, the sage's golden store,
Are wither'd all—for Mary now is dead.

Flow on, my sorrow, give my sighs full vent,
Let gushing anguish speak my mental grief;
Such agony, within the bosom pent,
Should thus in liquid drops find some relief.

Farewell, sweet Mary! envy strives in vain;
The gen'rous weep thy failings with thy doom;
Thy mind's perfections cancel every stain,
Thy merits shall record thee in the tomb.

LITTLE JOHN ;

OR,

THE BOY OF FEELING.

The children romp'd, the children play'd,
As merry as may be ;
They leap'd, they ran, and halloo'd loud,
Beneath the green yew tree.

And though the place was lone and sad—
A church-yard dull and drear,
These little children were content,
For nought they knew of fear.

The monks from chapel were retired,
The vesper chaunt was done,
And curfew bells full long had told
The setting of the sun.

But one there was, a little child,
A very little boy;
His cheeks were pale, his face was wan,
He knew no touch of joy.

His face was pale, nay very pale;
His eyes were sunk and sad,
And people said that little John
Was born but to go mad.

John had a little crucifix
Of virgin gold so bright,
Which rested on his milk-white breast,
And was his soul's delight.

And John behind a tomb-stone sat,
While other children play'd;
And little John gaz'd on the moon,
And wonder'd how 'twas made.

And then upon the stone he'd cast
A sad and wistful eye,
And then he'd crop the long rank weeds,
And vent full many a sigh.

“ Ah ! where is now my father dear ? ”

Poor John would often say :

“ I wonder if in yon pale moon,

“ That sheds so sad a ray ? ”

“ Beneath this stone, when he was cold,

“ They plac’d his gentle head,

“ And since that time my brother’s twain,

“ And sisters, all are dead.

“ And where these mounds of earth now rise,

“ My brothers peaceful sleep ;

“ And where these hillocks green appear,

“ My sisters lay full deep.

“ I wonder if with dove-like wings,

“ And form’d like angels fair,

“ They sing the praise of Christ the Lord,

“ And sail through yonder air ?

“ And if they do, I wonder much

“ If they again will know,

“ And speak to me, poor little John,

“ When I am laid full low ? ”

And little John drew forth the cross;
 And sad he look'd and sigh'd,
 For father, brothers, sisters, all,
 Possess'd it e're they died.

But Johnny was the youngest child,
 So last to him it came;
 He kiss'd it oft, then bless'd the Lord,
 And sigh'd his father's name.

His mother tied it round his neck,
 When all were dead and gone;
 She, weeping, kissed the pretty lips
 Of her lone son poor John.

And John wept sore, and kiss'd the cheek
 Of her that gave him breath;
 And for his mother's sake, he pray'd
 He might not sleep in death.

"For should I die," quoth little John,
 "What will my mother do?"
 "Oh! then her bursting heart will break,
 "Cold death must be her due.

“ So I will live,” said little John,
“ If it be Heaven’s high will ;
“ If not, we both shall sleep in death,
“ God’s purpose to fulfil.”

So Johnny strove to laugh and sing
When in his mother’s sight ;
But when from her, all gloom he was ;
His soul knew no delight.

And secret thus with grief he pin’d,
Health’s roses from him fled ;
For pale his cheek, and sunk his eyes,
Like one through sickness dead.

And now the children play’d no more,
For homewards they were gone,
All save the melancholy child,
The tender-hearted John.

Yet Johnny staid, with thought oppress’d ;
For, though a little boy,
He had a mind quite worn with grief,
Though once ’twas form’d for joy.

And by the tomb-stone still he sat,
And oft the cross would kiss;
For this was to his pensive soul
The ecstasy of bliss.

At length, with sighs and tears o'ercome,
It fell upon his breast,
And little John dropp'd on the turf,
With heavy sleep oppress'd.

And as he slept, he dream'd there came,
In angels' robes array'd,
His father, brothers, sisters dear,
And thus his parent said:

" Sleep, little John, my well-belov'd ;
" Sleep, sleep, my boy so dear !
" Anon thy troubles shall be hush'd,
" Anon thou'lt dry the tear."

And then his parent seem'd to smile ;
His brothers smil'd also ;
And eke the sisters of poor John
With smiles did sooth his woe.

But now their forms 'gan fade away,
 And with them Heaven's bright gleam ;
 And John seem'd in the church-yard still,
 Beholding the moon beam.

And then he thought his mother came,
 And ey'd him o'er and o'er ;
 Yet something in her mien appear'd
 He ne'er had mark'd before.

She spake not, smil'd not, but look'd sad,
 Nor kiss'd her darling boy ;
 She smil'd not sweetly, as of old,
 Nor call'd him her heart's joy :

But livid now her skin appear'd,
 And of the deadly dye ;
 And far more meagre seem'd her frame,
 And far more sunk her eye.

The sight struck little John full deep,
 It struck him to the heart ;
 His blood ran cold, and from his sleep
 Poor little John did start.

When lo ! beside him stood the form
 Which late his fancy drew ;
 Though sad she gaz'd, though pale and wan,
 His mother still he knew.

“ O, mother, mother ! speak, I pray ;
 “ Oh, prythee tell to me,
 “ Why thus you sought the lone church-yard ?
 “ I'll straight speed home with thee.”

Still Johnny gaz'd, and trembled sore,
 For nought his mother spake.
 “ Oh ! answer me, my mother dear !
 “ My heart is nigh to break.”

But nought she said ; so John arose ;
 For dread he scarce could stand ;
 With tott'ring step he onward pac'd,
 And caught his parent's hand.

But chill and damp 'twas to the touch,
 And heavy seem'd as lead :
 “ Ah, God ! 'tis true,” cried little John,
 “ I know my mother's dead.”

And as he spake, the convent bell
Toll'd heavily and slow ;
It beat the solemn hour of one ;
Quoth John, " The sound I know :

" Say, is it not the knell of death ?
" Dear mother ! tell to me ;
" Ah ! beats it not, my mother dear,
" Alike for me and thee ?"

The form slow bow'd its pallid front,
While John the cross thrice press'd ;
He dropp'd before the clay-cold form,
And sunk to endless rest.

And for their souls, the holy monks
A requiem sad did sing ;
And for these twain the convent bells
Most dolefully did ring.

The fathers and the mothers all
For little John did pray ;
And children now turn'd sad at heart,
Of late so blithe and gay.

Thus died the mother and the child,
The last of all their race;
And why? because they were too good
For this most sinful place.

So John's good mother chaunts on high,
And little John is bless'd;
His feeling soul for ever sleeps
Upon his Saviour's breast.

ON THE
OAK IN PENSHURST PARK,

*Said to have been planted on the day which gave birth to
the accomplished Sir Philip Sidney.*

TO JOHN SIDNEY, ESQ.

Still peaceful flow the Medway's stream ;
Still shed, bright sun ! thine orient beam,
 To gild its glossy breast ;
For, Penshurst, on thy banks I view,
Where gallant Sidney, kind and true,
 His love-sick tale confess'd.

'Twas there, with pensive downcast mien,
Entranc'd, I wander'd o'er the green
 Which once the hero trod ;
Where oft he fram'd his gentle mind
To sing Arcadian love refin'd,
 Reclining on the sod.

'The hollow vet'ran oak I sought;
There fancy warm'd th' enraptur'd thought,

And Sidney seem'd to say:

" Kind youth! I thank thee for that sigh,

" Those tears that gem thy thoughtful eye;

" Yet speed thee hence away.

" Anon to yonder gate repair,

" A Sidney still inhabits there,

" Of noble mind possess'd;

" His partner owns the self-same glow,

" From her those gen'rous greetings flow

" That warm the feeling breast."

WILLY, THE FORSAKEN SWAIN.

Far, far from the gay busy throng,
 Where fashion and folly now dwell,
 Where virtue is deem'd an old song,
 And the pleasures of life bear the belle—

There liv'd a young maiden, they say,
 Who charm'd all the swains of the grove;
 Far sweeter than flow'rets of May,
 And fair as the mother of Love.

One eve, as the villagers met,
 Beneath the cool shade, to regale,
 Each vaunted his Sue and his Bet,
 While brisk went the cup of brown ale.

But Willy all pensively sat;
 He liv'd but on Marian's smile,
 Nor heeded their ale or their chat,
 These could not the lover beguile.

*Reprinted in the Annual Register 1828
 Page 270 Vol 2*

His heart, honest swain ! felt a charm,
 Nor knew he to stifle its rage ;
 Her shape, her eyes gave the alarm,
 Ah ! who could the torrent assuage ?

But, silly young swain ! hadst thou known
 The frailty of all womankind,
 Thou would'st not have call'd her thine own,
 Or suffer'd one pang in thy mind.

For know that lov'd Marian so bright,
 As other young maidens will do,
 Met blithsome young Colin that night,
 As, Willy, thou'st reason to rue.

She plighted her faith and her love,
 Nor heeded the pangs of the clown ;
 They could not false Marian move,
 Who left him to hang or to drown.

And now, ye chaste swains of the grove !
 Who pipe and who carol your joys,
 Be cautious, nor trifle with love,
 For the sex are but slippery toys.

ANACREONTIC.

Half o'ercome with ruby wine,
 I wove a garland of the vine,
 And on my front the verdure bound:
 With Bacchus' emblem being crown'd,
 Enraptur'd Venus' dimpled boy
 Quaff'd off the bright nectarean joy,
 And mingled with his rose-twin'd brow
 The crooked Bacchanalian bough;
 Since which, they both so well agree,
 He loves Love best who drinks like me.

Reprinted in *Quarterly Magazine*
 September 1825 Page 244 Vol. 2
 The title of the poem is *Who loves Love best who drinks like me.*
 See note

THE QUESTION RESOLVED.

As languishing Annette reclin'd in my arms,
While I answer'd each sigh with a kiss,
" Oh ! tell me," she cried, " where can be love's alarms,
" Since I find in it nothing but bliss ?"

" Dear girl !" I replied, " 'tis not Love breeds annoy ;
" While he's present, there's nothing to fear ;
" 'Tis when he takes wing that we forfeit all joy,
" For the smile is replac'd by a tear."

" And will he e'er leave us," she anxiously cried,
While her soft arms my neck closer press'd ;
" Oh ! never, dear girl !" I with transport replied,
" For the urchin has built here his nest."

LINES

From Age to Youth.

As fragrant flowers must fade away,
So blooming beauty will decay;
The flowing hair, the sparkling eye;
The cheek of rose and lily dye;
The iv'ry teeth and coral lip,
Where Love nectareous juice might sip:
These all must perish, fade away,
Like April showers or bloom of May.

The youth and tim'rous maid, in turn,
With love's celestial ardor burn;
The languid eye and panting heart
Their bliss and pain alike impart;
He vows; she, list'ning, stands confess'd,
Love's in her eye, her mien, her breast:
But ah! too soon they both must prove
That wint'ry age nips summer's love.

Then let my hoary locks presage,
That, spring-time pass'd, I'm grown more sage :
These eyes quite dim, this furrow'd cheek,
My tranquil pleasures now bespeak :
I covet not the joys I've seen ;
My days are happy, nights serene.
By this, let man contentment know ;
We're happy, could we think but so.

PARODY.

——“ My occupation is no more ! ” *exclaimed*
Sylvester Daggerwood, on assuming the vile occupation
of waiter at a country inn, where, on contemplating the
preparations for a parish feast, he made the following
complaint.

To starve, or not to starve ? that is the question :—
 Whether, Sylvester, thou should'st calmly bear
 The yearns and gripings of internal wants,
 Or take up arms against the parish treat,
 And, wille nille, end it ?—To eat ;—to glut
 Thy fill ;—and, by this feast, to say thou end'st
 Those cravings and the thousand rav'nous wants
 That flesh is heir to—'tis an occupation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To eat ;—to stuff ;—
 To gorge, perchance be sick ! aye, there's the rub ;
 For in that yearning state what pangs may come,
 In easing me of superfluities,

Must make me pause :—'tis this alone
 That bids me curb my longing appetite:
 Else should I tamely bear fell hunger's cries,
 My stomach's wrongs, my bowels' piercing shrieks,
 My greedy eye's desire, the cook's delay,
 Who, insolent in office, jade-like taunts
 My rav'nous appetite, that sneaking waits,
 When quickly force might satisfy desire
 With knife and bodkin? What all endure,
 And grumbling sweat before the blazing fire,
 But that the dread of sickness afterwards,
 That painful operation, from whose course
 No man is free, affrights my will,
 And makes me rather bear those gripes I feel,
 Than fly to such as might await the deed?
 Thus sickness does make cowards of us all;
 And thus fell resolution, arm'd by want,
 Sinks, pale and coward-like, the slave of thought;
 And mighty feats perform'd with knife and fork
 Are left untried: so is my craving turn'd!
 I lose the power of eating.—

CUPID
AND
THE LOVE-SICK MAID.

A BALLAD.

Blind Cupid, merry, wanton boy,
One day went a gadding;
When lo! he met a damsel coy,
Who with love was madding:
And languid throb'd her aching heart,
And then she sigh'd, "I feel the smart;
"But why this pain?
" 'Tis all in vain,
"For Cupid will not take my part."

The dimpled urchin stood to hear
What more the maid would say;
But then she 'gan to drop a tear,
Sigh'd and sang, "Well a way!"

Still slowly heav'd her love-lorn heart,
And still she moan'd, " I feel the smart,

" Ah! woe is me;

" Love's cruelty"—

Cried Cupid, " I will take thy part."

From off her lily hand she rais'd

Her cheek so wan and pale;

And on the rosy urchin gaz'd;

Cried he, " I've heard thy tale."

Then quickly throb'd her anxious heart—

" And wilt thou, Cupid, ease the smart?"

His bow he bent,

An arrow sent,

" The youth now loves—so, maid, we part."

*Reprinted in "Miscellaneous Poems" 1145
Vol. 2, Page 54*

EMPLOYMENT

FOR A MISTRESS AND A WIFE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

To Wisdom I proffer'd my vow ;
 But 'ere I could compass my end,
 Oh ! Reason, I needs must allow
 I found thee a dull irksome friend.

To Folly enraptur'd I flew ;
 I swam in the stream of delight ;
 But Time the false curtain withdrew ;
 The charm was dispell'd from my sight.

So better to pass away life,
 And taste of the sage and the free,
 Dame Reason I'll chuse for my wife,
 And Folly my mistress shall be.

My wishes in turn they shall share,
 Each wavering fancy employ ;
 My wife shall avert ev'ry care,
 My mistress shall plan all my joy.

*Reprinted in "The Poetical Works of Pope" 1820
 Page 109/110*

FROM THE FRENCH.

That I might prove my love sincere,
Most tender, faithful friend !
E'en death's approach I'd scorn to fear,
And dauntless brave my end.
Thus, when I freely seek my doom,
My torments shall find ease ;
'Tis consolation in the tomb,
That by my death I please.

Regardless of my future state,
From this eventful hour
I'll learn from Love to brave my fate,
He'll make thee feel his power :
Oh ! then your cold and flinty heart
For me perhaps may sigh ;
Your falt'ring tongue one pray'r impart
For him you doom'd to die.

CRAZY TOM, THE BEDLAMITE.

I rage ! I burn ! my soul expires ;
 My heart is scorch'd with ardent fires ;
 Oh ! give me Alpine snow.
 Ah ! now I tremble—now I feel
 The icy fangs of winter steal,
 And freeze my blood's hot flow.
 I've twin'd a garland for my love ;
 Her face was passing rare ;
 But flint her heart, for nought could move
 The fairest of the fair.

Ah ! now I'll soar to heaven on high,
 And snatch a handful of the sky,
 Or steal yon twinkling star ;
 No, no ; I'll climb the craggy steep,
 Then headlong plunge into the deep,
 Or sail in cockle car.
 I see her now ; her eye-balls glare,
 And demons hideous roar :
 Mark where they hurl their brands in air ;
 And will she come no more ?

*Reprinted in "The Illustrated Songster" 1125 Page
 344 Vol 2.*

Sing, pretty warblers of the grove !
 Chaunt strains melodious, strains of love ;

Poor Tom grows sick at heart :
 Shrill scream thy song, fell bird of night !
 The bat and raven's my delight ;

I've snapp'd the rankling dart.
 Who's now so free, so gay as I ?
 Who tastes such heavenly joys ?
 Tush, tush ! poor love-sick Tom will die,
 And leave the Bedlam boys.

There sits enthron'd the dimpled god ;
 He beckons now, with graceful nod :

Hush, hush ! I'll grind my chain ;
 I'm monarch now—obey my law—
 Split world—rain fire—lull care in straw—
 A bolt has sing'd my brain.

And now poor Tom will merry be,
 And laugh to kill old care ;
 Ice, fire, friends, love, are still with me ;
 She's fairest of the fair.

TO A MISTRESS.

Flow, dulcet stream! no more the clarion string
Shall rouse my soul the hero's deeds to sing;
Grim war's dread clangor I'll no more rehearse,
For beauty's melting theme inspires my verse—
That form, which bids the sounding lyre be mute,
And prompts my hand to touch the thrilling lute.

 Ringlets soft, of dove's down coat,
 Round her snowy bosom float:
 In that lovely melting eye
 Nature stamp'd coy chastity;
 Christal dew begems her lip;
 Nectarious dew, that gods might sip:
But hold—I strive in vain to scan each line—
Mortals can never trace a form divine.

FRAGMENT.

Obscure thy rays, thou beamy god of light !
Be mine the stillness and the gloom of night ;
For horrors now usurp my pensive breast,
And ev'ry chearful thought is lull'd to rest.
Come, blackest night ! come, ebon-mantled dame !
Be you the witness of my country's shame :
And thou, pale sphere ! that lend'st thy partial ray,
And yon bright glitt'ring host, now fade away ;
Leave me surrounded by the dunnest gloom—
I, bending, weep neglected merit's doom ;
I mourn the sons of fire, Apollo's race ;
I mourn their fate, and England's foul disgrace.
No more I'll strive to pluck the blooming crest ;
In cypress wreath my brows shall now be dress'd :
No myrtle groves I'll seek, no verdant glade,
But stretch my form beneath the yew tree's shade.
To downy dove and shrill-toned lark farewell,
Be mine the screech owl and the raven's knell.

Where was the Briton's boast, that gen'rous soul
 Which only own'd meek Clarity's control?
 That feeling, which should warm each earthly clod,
 That plants in man, an essence of his God?
 Say, wherefore was the heavenly fervor mute?
 Why were ye kindred to the senseless brute?
 Each fellow-creature should demand our care;
 We all are brothers, and as such should share:
 Then why neglect the boast of ev'ry age?
 Those sons of genius that have trod life's stage;
 Who live neglected, but whose fame, in death,
 You trumpet forth with sycophantic breath:
 Yes, you your contrite pity then extend,
 Who, while he liv'd, refus'd to be his friend:
 Consummate art! fine pageantry of grief!
 Propitious hour indeed to yield relief.
 Such the reprieve lame justice will impart,
 Which comes when the dread rope has played its part.
 In vain would each arrest the culprit's fate,
 He's deaf to mercy, for it came too late.
 Enough—Oh! shame; and is this Britain's isle,
 Where all are said to wear contentment's smile?
 Read on, and if one pitying tear remains,
 Let it be shed o'er these disgraceful strains.

Mark yonder crowd that blasts my glaring eye ;
 Behold their leader, famish'd Poverty ;
 See where her meagre form now stalks in view,
 With ravenous eye, and lank cadav'rous hue ;
 With pace unsteady, and long matted hair,
 That hangs disorder'd o'er her shoulders bare ;
 With scanty covering, form'd of filthy rags,
 Loathsome to sight, and fringed with clotted jags ;
 Whose webby texture, sometimes worn away,
 The sharp projecting bones beneath display ;
 With knees that stare without their torn abode,
 Trembling beneath the skinny, starving load ;
 An object fram'd at once to pall the sight,
 And chill the wanton wish of young delight :
 Yet with fell horror rouse soft pity's flood,
 And from the feeling heart drain tears of blood.
 God ! in her train what forms I now behold ;
 My heart beats one ; life's stream is almost cold :
 A torpor numbs each sense ; I stare aghast—
 Now stiff—now trembling with chill ague's blast :
 How pale, how sad appears each godlike mien !
 How like fell misery this wretched queen !
 See Spencer first——

LINES

*Addressed to a young couple on the celebration of their
nuptials.*

Why doth the rose its blooming front display ?

Why flaunts it on the genial breath of May,

Diffusing odours round ?

Why does the lily boast its milky hue,

And, spangled with the early matin dew,

Bedeck the verdant ground ?

The vermil tint and fragrance of the rose,

And lily's purity, at once disclose

A spotless virgin's mien :

The willow, waving graceful o'er the flood,

The spiral poplar, that o'ersteps the wood,

Compare with beauty's queen.

If such perfections in one maid combin'd,
And Heaven had stamp'd its image on her mind,
What were the virgin's due?
The world's applause, and bliss without alloy;
A youth, whose bright perfections claim'd the joy;
A lover kind and true.

Then such is thine, sweet maid ! thou claim'st the youth
Whose soul is fram'd for virtue, love, and truth ;
Whose heart avows thy charms.
May time, with rosy pinions, wing his way !
May bliss unclouded mark each dawning day !
When folded in love's arms.

LITTLE JANE;
OR,
THE GIRL OF FEELING.

In Chester city liv'd a man,
And he had children twain;
His little son was christen'd Ben,
His daughter's name was Jane:

And little Ben his sister lov'd,
He lov'd her passing well;
But how she lov'd her brother Ben
My ballad soon shall tell.

These twain would often laugh and sing,
And often romp and play;
And oft to greenwood shade they went,
To hear the songsters gay.

At early dawn, when convent bells
The friars call'd to pray'r,
Beside the holy virgin's shrine
Was seen this pretty pair.

But never then would Jane or Ben
One moment think of play;
She counted o'er her pretty beads,
His pater he would say.

And when at eve the convent bells
For vespers went ding dong,
Still prostrate on the altar's step
They join'd the holy song.

But then they neither smil'd, nor thought
Of running forth to play;
Their souls were fix'd upon the chaunt,
And after they were gay.

And when then evening's dusky hue
Slow faded from the sight;
And when the silv'ry crested moon
Shot through the cloak of night;

Then, hand in hand, hied Ben and Jane;
Their guileless hearts were bless'd;
And then they kiss'd their parents dear,
And after went to rest.

Around each other's necks they twin'd
 Their arms so lily white ;
 To see them smile, as thus they slept—
 It was a comely sight :

Their dimpled cheeks, so rosy red,
 Spoke health and peace within :
 Oh ! did we all but look like them,
 The world could know no sin.

And thus they liv'd, this little pair,
 And towns-folk us'd to cry,
 Two cherubs sure these children are,
 Belov'd of the Most High.

These babies they are cherubs twain,
 The like we ne'er did see ;
 So gentle, and so good in pray'r
 To the bless'd Deity.

It happened so that little Ben
 Turn'd wan, and very pale ;
 He could not sleep, nor eat, nor drink,
 For something he did ail.

And then he turn'd both pale and wan ;
 He was but skin and bone ;
 And sometimes he was burning hot,
 Then cold as any stone.

Yet though he was so passing sick,
 He never would complain ;
 For well he knew 'twould break the heart
 Of his lov'd sister Jane.

So all that little Ben would say,
 And constant was his cry,
 " Ah ! be not sad, my sister dear !
 " I know I shall not die :

" For soon will Jesu pity me,
 " And then we shall be gay ;
 " Again to greenwood shade we'll walk,
 " And run, and jump, and play."

But never more was little Ben
 With his lov'd sister gay ;
 Nor did he ever run and jump,
 Nor through the green wood stray.

For cold he turn'd, and damp, and stiff,
 While fainter grew his breath;
 On Jane his sweet blue eyes were fix'd;
 On Jane he call'd in death:

His limbs ne'er writh'd, but still he lay,
 Nor utter'd one sad groan;
 One gentle sigh proclaim'd him dead,—
 His soul to heaven was flown.

And soon beneath the damp cold sod,
 Under the yew tree's shade,
 The livid corse of little Ben
 By holy monks was laid.

Then Jane turn'd sad—nay very sad—
 And Jane would piteous moan;
 She could not sleep, nor eat, nor drink,
 Now she was left alone.

Nor ever would she laugh and play,
 Or to the green wood hie;
 Her former pastimes were forgot;
 Her pleasure was to sigh.

Se every eve from home she went,
And sought the yew tree's shade;
And then upon the cold damp turf
Her pretty form was laid.

And then she'd call on little Ben,
And bitter tears would weep;
And then she'd say, "O! would that I
" Were laid in pit as deep."

And then her little arms would press
The cold, unconscious sod;
And then she'd call on brother Ben,
And then would pray to God.

So Jane still turn'd more sick at heart;
More pallid was her skin;
More sunk and lustre-less her eye;
Her form more deadly thin.

And thus some twenty days pass'd o'er
Since brother Ben had died;
To soothe this grief her parents twain
By every effort tried:

But nought avail'd their tender care;
 Their hearts were griev'd full sore;
 And now 'gan they with anguish think
 She soon would be no more.

And so it happ'd; for one sad eve
 Jane sought her much-lov'd yew;
 Her hand a sprig of cypress bore,
 Her hair was deck'd with rue:

Then down she sat, but nought could say—
 A tear stood in her eye;
 She plac'd the left hand on her heart,
 And heav'd a piteous sigh.

It was a sigh, so heavy, sad,
 Such agony bespoke;
 It was a sigh, which plainly prov'd
 The suff'rer's heart was broke.

And then her eyes grew fix'd and dim;
 Her pulse beat very slow;
 More languid throb'd her aching heart,
 And chill her blood 'gan flow.

“ Oh ! Ben,” she cried, “ my brother dear !”

And then she paus'd for breath—

“ If living I have lov'd thee well,

“ I love thee more in death :

“ For soon I trust the Lord will bear

“ My soul to yonder sky ;

“ Where Ben and I may live for aye,

“ Since angels never die.”

And then her pretty blue eyes clos'd ;

Her pulse still fainter beat ;

And then her thick and icy blood

'Gan to her heart retreat :

And then she sunk upon the turf,

Ah ! who would not deplore ?

She dropp'd upon her brother's grave,

From thence to rise no more.

And soon the parents sought their child ;

They sought her by moon light ;

And frantic they ran far and wide,

Till it was drear midnight.

When lo! they gain'd the convent walls,
And to the church-yard went,
And there they found the clay-cold child,
Their little innocent.

The monks beside her brother laid
The corse of little Jane;
And though the towns-folk wept full sore,
Yet she was eas'd from pain.

And though keen anguish rung the hearts
Of her two parents dear,
Yet these sweet babes in heaven did dry
The agonizing tear.

And thus Jane died for tender love
Which she to Ben did bear:
May we for tenderness of soul
Such bliss for ever share!

TO AN ABSENT MISTRESS.

To thee I raise my tearful eye;
Toward thee I waft the pensive sigh;
For thee I cherish in my heart
The source of bliss—Love's honied dart;
The source of pain—Love's arrow keen,
Since woe consumes when thou'rt unseen.
O! come, the cruel spell destroy;
Awake my mind to heavenly joy;
Come, and my falt'ring soul shall prove
How much I feel—how much I love.

PARODY.

Take, oh! take the haunch away,
Which all sweetness hath forsworn;
Never was more cruel day,
Close and muggy was the morn.
To stop my nose, alas! is vain;
John, bring the salmon up again.

Hide that fat, more white than snow,
Which the ven'son's bosom bears;
To the haunch mine eyes will grow,
Such a tempting form it wears:
If my tongue from taste were free,
Many a slice I'd eat of thee.

A LOVER'S KISS.

One morn, as to a rosy bower
Sly Cupid stray'd to cull a flower;
A bee, like him with fragrance charm'd—
Like him with sweets and arrow arm'd—
To taste the dew had thither flown,
And claim'd the honey as his own.
The fly, indignant thus to see
The urchin strip his fav'rite tree,
Stung deep his lip—the anguish thrill'd,
Though on the wound his sweets distill'd:
He stamp'd and rav'd; but all was vain,
Till lovely Venus sooth'd his pain;
Whose mouth from his the venom drew,
But with it suck'd the honey too:
Since which, to lovers, all of bliss
Concentrates in a rapt'rous kiss.

ADVICE OF FRIENDSHIP.

Why pines the youth ? why droops my friend ?

Why yields he to despair ?

Go ; the nectareous juice shall end

Thy heart consuming care.

'Twill drown Love's pinion, quench his dart,

'Twill banish all annoy ;

'Twill cure the anguish of the heart,

And rouse to life and joy.

Come, haste away ! let Friendship now

Love's fetter disunite ;

Thy care-worn breast will soon avow,

That Friendship counsell'd right.

THE LOVER's REPLY.

Why say that wine contains a spell
To cure the love-sick mind ;
To lull those pangs I know so well ;
Those ecstacies refin'd ?

In full libations have I quaff'd
The sparkling rosy tide ;
But nought avail'd the cheering draught ;
Love, Love its power defied.

Friendship, avaunt ! thy counsel's vain,
No art can Love control ;
He's lord alike of bliss and pain,
And still shall sway my soul.

PARODY.

Begone ; I'll hear no more of love ;
Its galling pangs no more I'll prove ;
But range o'er hills, o'er dales, and fields,
And taste the joys which freedom yields.

There will I climb among the rocks,
Or with the shepherds feed their flocks ;
Or angle near the water falls,
And hear the birds' sweet madrigals.

No more I'll weave thee wreaths of roses ;
No more remember fragrant posies ;
No more cull flowers to deck thy kirtle,
Entwin'd with sprigs of blooming myrtle.

I will not pluck the lamb's soft wool;
 The vine's enlivening fruit I'll pull;
 And then defy the winter's cold,
 Thy charms, and man's dear idol—gold.

Away, straw belts and ivy buds;
 Away with clasps and amber studs;
 Nor these, nor thou, again shalt move
 My stubborn heart to melt with love.

From dawn till eve I'll drink and sing,
 And toast with wine each May morning:
 These are the joys my mind shall move;
 Hail, Bacchus, hail! farewell to love!

*Reprinted from "The Works of William Shakespeare" Vol. 10. p. 117. 1801. 2. 11th ed.
 Hail, Bacchus, Hail; farewell to Love*

PARODY,

In answer to the former.

If lovers were not rash and young,
I might believe thy boasting tongue;
I might believe, that nought could move
Thy soul to yield again to love.

But Love will linger near the fold,
By streams and rocks, where winds blow cold;
While thou, to ev'ry strain still dumb,
Wilt yet entreat him more to come.

The rose will brighter deck the field,
Thy sternness then to love shall yield;
Thine heart of ice, thy words of gall,
Will bloom love's spring, the mask will fall.

The vines for which thou shun'st Love's roses,
The grape more welcome than Love's posies,
Must wither soon and be forgotten,
In passion ripe, in mem'ry rotten.

The woven straw, the ivy buds,
The coral clasps, and amber studs,
To these thou'lt fly, for they will move
Thy frozen heart to melt with love.

No more will wine thy laughter breed ;
Thy toasts neglected—thou wilt need
Those heavenly joys, which only move
With rapt'rous bliss and endless love.

LINES

On following a lady with a beautiful turned ancle.

Come, Prudence, guard my truant heart ;
 Enshield it from Love's fire ;
The urchin traitor points his dart,
 I feel the soft desire.

How slim, how fair the tender frame,
 That caught m' enraptur'd eye ;
Oh ! had you seen, you could not blame,
 Nor bid me check the sigh.

Her fairy form, each grace combin'd,
 Her ancle ! heavens, how neat !
She seem'd to tread the ambient air,
 So light, so small her feet.

Come, Prudence, or thy votary's lost,
 The struggle, ah ! how vain !
My soul must long be tempest toss'd,
 Ere I my peace regain.

LINES

*On hearing a young Lady sing the celebrated mad song
composed by Purcell.*

The dying swan's mellifluent strain
Moans plaintive o'er the silv'ry flood ;
The widow'd dove breathes forth her pain
In dulcet cadence through the wood.

The matin lark with jocund note
Salutes the rising orb of day ;
Each feather'd warbler strains his throat,
While rocking on the tender spray.

But what's the swan's and dove's soft air ;
The lark's shrill pipe and warblings wild ?
They fade :—'tis Rosa, heavenly fair !
Her notes enchant ; she's Beauty's child.

BALLAD

IMITATED.

Of young and old I've heard it told
How men are false of heart ;
That nought can move their souls to love,
And act the faithful part :
'Tis said, they will their lust fulfil,
Nor heed a maiden's woe ;
Alack a day ! I can't say nay,
For many will do so.
Yet spite of this I'll show what bliss
Is stor'd for such a one ;
Whose constant mind of womankind
Adores but one alone.

'Tis said, as wind they are unkind,
 That blights the lily fair ;
 That ev'ry oath, and plighted troth,
 Is but a wily snare ;
 That ev'ry smile is but a guile
 To lure the luckless maid :
 That thus they cheat with foul deceit,
 And make of love a trade :
 But now, in sooth, I tell ye truth,
 Some men with love will moan ;
 And though they find the maid unkind,
 They'll love but her alone.

And since 'tis so, I fain would show
 That men are much defam'd ;
 My tale shall prove that they may love,
 And make ye sore asham'd.
 A castle stood in bonny wood,
 With turrets fair to see,
 With halls well dight, where many a knight
 Would feast right jovially.
 With chambers fair and hangings rare,
 And gold a mickle store,
 With lands and kine :—were they but thine,
 Thou would'st not ask for more.

But say not this,—Gold is not bliss;
 For wealth alone can't move
 The mind to know what joys will flow
 From pure and constant love.
 This castle fair, and turrets rare,
 And eke this land and gold,
 These halls and towers, these woods and bowers,
 Were thine Earl Erkenwold.
 But then, pardie, the lord was free;
 His breast had never known,
 That love refin'd for womankind
 Was happiness alone.

The Earl was young, of gentle tongue,
 With visage bright to view;
 In wisdom old, in battle bold,
 To honour ever true.
 As ye shall learn, if ye but turn
 The listening ear to me;
 Ye won't deny, nor give the lie,
 But praise my minstrelsy.
 For when the dart assail'd his heart,
 I'll show at least that one
 To all was blind of womankind,
 Save her he lov'd alone.

At early dawn with hound and horn
 Earl Erkenwold would hie;
 In chasing deer he had no peer,
 He lov'd the jocund cry.
 O'er hill and dale, through wood and vale,
 The dogs would lightly bound;
 By dale and hill, and gurgling rill,
 Was heard the bugle's sound.
 For then as free as thought was he,
 Or chaff by tempest blown;
 No maiden kind 'mongst womankind
 Had claim'd him for her own.

Thus ever gay roll'd months away,
 Life's picture seem'd most fair;
 Yet what was this but worldly bliss,
 No heavenly Love was there.
 But now, pardie, ye soon shall see
 How love transform'd the scene;
 How lands and gold Earl Erkenwold
 Disdain'd for beauty's queen;
 How ruling fate transform'd his state,
 And hurl'd him from his throne;
 Since, in his mind, of womankind
 He lov'd but one alone.

Then hounds and horn were left forlorn,
 And javelins hung for show;
 One dart alone he call'd his own—
 'Twas shot from Cupid's bow:
 The well-strung yew the blind boy drew,
 It touch'd the arrow's steel,
 And as it sped, he laughing said,
 " I'll see if thou can'st feel."
 A surer aim, I dare proclaim,
 Love's shaft had never known;
 It taught his mind, of womankind
 To love but one alone.

And now in sooth this was the truth.
 To court the Earl was gone,
 With bowmen stout a goodly rout,
 And pages many a one;
 With horsemen too, in jerkins blue,
 With cloaks so bonny red,
 With hosen green, with spurs so keen,
 And caps upon each head:
 In such array these vassals gay
 Obey'd their chieftain's call;
 This goodly rout of men so stout
 March'd fourscore from the hall.

They march'd with glee, for minstrelsy
 Made jocund all around ;
 'Twas sweet to hear the music clear,
 As each his bugle wound :
 But to behold Earl Erkenwold,
 Was still a finer sight ;
 For costly gear he had no fear,
 In bonny robes bedight.
 Though sounds so sweet the senses greet,
 And robes please many a one ;
 Yet to the mind, dear womankind
 Should claim our love alone.

So in this guise he did surprise
 The citizens in town :
 They said, pardie, some Earl we see
 Of title and renown.
 In such array each damsel gay
 Desir'd a Knight so fine,
 And each did cry with dol'rous sigh,
 " I would the youth were mine !"
 But then his soul disdain'd control,
 No bondage would it own ;
 Because his mind, of womankind
 Ador'd not one alone.

The hose and vest wherein he dress'd
 Were velvet of bright hue,
 Embroider'd o'er with gold before
 Upon the glossy blue :
 His cloak behind wav'd with the wind,
 Of color purely white ;
 His bonnet fair a plumage rare
 Adorn'd, to please the sight :
 And thus so gay he pass'd his way,
 As if he were alone ;
 For then his mind of womankind
 Had not beheld the one.

At palace gate this Earl's estate
 His squire anon made known :
 Then down dropp'd he on bended knee
 Before his sovereign's throne ;
 And thus he said : " Great Monarch dread,
 " I hither bent my way,
 " That I might prove my faith and love,
 " And my true homage pay :
 " For I command a mighty band
 " Of vassals at your nod ;
 " The lands and gold of Erkenwold
 " Are mine, so pleaseth God.

“ The gold and land, by fate’s command,

“ Are now awarded me ;

“ For in the grave my sire so brave

“ Now slumbers peacefully :

“ So to the court, where lords resort

“ At this time every year,

“ In duty bound I bend to ground,

“ Impell’d by love and fear :

“ So may I find my liege as kind

“ As he was wont to be.”

“ Arise,” then said the sovereign dread,

“ Thou ’rt welcome unto me.”

Then spake the king, “ Go, page, and bring

“ My goblet of pure gold,

“ My largest cup, and fill it up,

“ I’ll pledge Earl Erkenwold ;

“ Since freely he hath prov’d to me

“ His loyalty and truth,

“ I hereby swear my fost’ring care

“ Shall henceforth guard his youth ;

“ Nay more I vow, for I’ll allow

“ And grant his first desires,

“ Or bad or good, by Holyrood,

“ I’ll do as he requires.

“ I grant him this, for nought amiss

“ Will he demand of me :

“ To keep this vow I pledge him now

“ In Rhenish wine so free.”

Then every lord with one accord

To praise the Earl began ;

The knights, his truth ; the maids, his youth ;

He was a happy man.

But midst the fair, one damsel there

Unseen the Earl admir'd ;

Her actions prov'd she gazing lov'd ;

But he was not inspir'd :

For wisdom's rein could well restrain

The ardor of her breast ;

She needs would prove his constant love,

Ere she her own confess'd.

To hide each grace she left her place,

Ere yet the Earl had seen

That form divine, and every line

Which stamp'd her beauty's queen ;

She threw aside her robes and pride,

And clad in humble guise,

With deep intent, next morning went

With sad and downcast eyes.

And then 'twas told Earl Erkenwold
 How one his face would see ?
 " 'Tis well," he cried, " for 'tis my pride
 " To deal forth charity."
 But when the maid, in grief array'd,
 Before his person stood,
 A pleasing pain thrill'd every vein,
 While faster flow'd his blood :
 For then indeed his heart 'gan bleed,
 He claim'd love for his own :
 His captive mind of womankind
 Ador'd but her alone.

Her artful tale might well prevail ;
 He sooth'd her feigned grief,
 He calm'd her fears, he dried her tears,
 And gave her straight relief.
 With prayers a score she left his door,
 But left it not in truth ;
 Her form and face, each lovely grace,
 Were still before the youth :
 By day, by night, they charm'd his sight,
 While oft he made this moan :
 " My captive mind of womankind
 " Adores but one alone.

“ Yet how can I with poverty

“ Debase my noble state ?

“ Ah ! now I find the proudest mind

“ Must yield to sovereign fate.

“ Nor can I prove so base in love,

“ As by my power to stain

“ That spotless breast, where peace doth rest,

“ And plant the thorn of pain :

“ Such vile desire shall ne’er inspire

“ My soul that’s form’d to own,

“ That in my mind of womankind

“ I love but her alone.”

The Earl thus said, while still he read

Love’s page by night and day ;

His smiles were flown, his peace o’erthrown,

For Hope obscur’d her ray.

He warr’d in vain against the pain,

Love still the victor prov’d ;

He still caress’d, and still confess’d

The flame for her he lov’d.

At length quoth he : “ The maid I’ll see,

“ For whom I pining moan ;

“ Since now I find, of womankind

“ I live for her alone.”

All state forgot, he sought the cot
 Where dwelt the lovely maid ;
 He found her there, more heavenly fair,
 Though peasant-like array'd.
 He spurn'd deceit, and at her feet
 His love-sick mind confess'd.
 " Oh ! Jane," he cried, " do not deride,
 " But make my passion bless'd ;
 " And I will prove more firm in love
 " Than man e'er yet was known ;
 " For in my mind, of womankind
 " I love but you alone."

' Ah ! say not this, it is amiss ;
 ' An earl should never be
 ' By love o'erthrown, and passion own
 ' For such a girl as me.
 ' An earl's resort should be the court,
 ' Where maids of high renown
 ' Will seek with pride to be his bride,
 ' And all his wishes crown :
 ' But I, of late, knock'd at your gate,
 ' A lone and sad orphan ;
 ' I sought of thee kind charity,
 ' For I'm a poor woman.'

“ I'd fain believe thou wouldst not grieve

“ So true a heart as mine;

“ What I did hear was modest fear,

“ Which makes thee more divine.

“ Oh, lovely Jane! it is but vain

“ To strive with Cupid's will;

“ For, as we find, the boy is blind,

“ Nor heeds whom he doth kill.

“ The counsel's true that came from you,

“ But prudence now is flown;

“ For in my mind, of womankind

“ I love but you alone.”

‘ Yet think, I pray, what men will say,

‘ To see so great an earl

‘ Swear truth to me, of mean degree,

‘ The daughter of a churl:

‘ My very name is slurr'd by shame;

‘ My father was a chief

‘ Of robbers dire, and did expire

‘ On gallows as a thief.

‘ Since it be so, I pray thee go,

‘ For I had rather than

‘ Bring shame on you, still live and do

‘ Just as a poor woman.’

" What matters this, our mortal bliss
 " Is but a passing shade;
 " If all were led by what men said,
 " How ev'ry joy would fade:
 " I grieve, 'tis true, your sire should do
 " A crime, which thus did draw
 " Upon his head the sentence dread,
 " And punishment of law:
 " But since in thee no guilt I see,
 " His sin is all his own;
 " So to my mind, of womankind
 " I love but you alone."

' Since this won't do, I tell you true,
 ' I ne'er your wife will prove;
 ' 'Twere sin to feign, so to be plain,
 ' You cannot gain my love;
 ' For to my sight, a fiend of night
 ' Would far more welcome be;
 ' Since in my soul doth hate control,
 ' So think no more of me.
 ' 'Tis strange, I own, that I alone
 ' Should shun so great a man;
 ' Yet rather I would live and die
 ' A sad and poor woman.'

“ Oh, cruel case ! thou shalt erase

“ The words which thou didst say ;

“ I’ll be thy slave, till in the grave

“ My griefs shall fade away :

“ My constant heart shall play a part

“ So tender and so true,

“ That thou wilt feel, and soon reveal,

“ For him who pines for you,

“ The pitying sigh ; while from thine eye

“ Will tears flow many a one ;

“ For in my mind, of womankind

“ I love but you alone.”

‘ Why do I hear thee persevere,

‘ And thine undoing seek ?

‘ Thy constancy perplexeth me,

‘ For still I needs must speak :

‘ I must impart, that my poor heart

‘ Hath sworn eternal truth ;

‘ And ne’er will be from bondage free,

‘ So much I love the youth ;

‘ Though he hath fled, and since is wed,

‘ And prov’d his guileful plan ;

‘ Yet I must still my love fulfil,

‘ And live a lone woman.’

" Since you allow his marriage vow,
 " His hatred he has shown ;
 " Why should not you his plan pursue,
 " And make his act your own ?
 " He laughs to scorn your fate forlorn,
 " And lives for others' charms.
 " Then let me bless, with tenderness,
 " And lull your heart's alarms ;
 " Then you shall see, that constancy
 " Will soothe your woes anon ;
 " For in my mind, of womankind
 " I love but you alone."

' Oh! if indeed I were to heed
 ' The counsel thou didst give,
 ' I then should shun the daily sun,
 ' And wish no more to live.
 ' By God's command, the angel's hand
 ' My guilt would soon correct ;
 ' The vow I made must be obey'd,
 ' None dare the Lord neglect.
 " In convent I must live and die,
 ' Let me do all I can ;
 ' For thus I said, when my love fled
 ' His wretched lone woman.'

“ Oh! yet there’s hope, for to the Pope
 “ Of gold a store I’ll take;
 “ He will undo the vow which you
 “ In passion thus did make;
 “ Then, free from oath, thy plighted troth
 “ May bliss impart to me;
 “ And then, I trust, my passion must
 “ Claim tenderness from thee:
 “ Then say not no, but let me go
 “ Unto the pontiff’s throne;
 “ For, in my mind, of womankind
 “ I love but you alone.”

‘ Dire bitterness! must I confess,
 ‘ To change thy constant heart,
 ‘ That to his arms I gave these charms,
 ‘ And play’d the wanton’s part;
 ‘ That he full oft his dalliance soft
 ‘ Repeated o’er and o’er,
 ‘ When I by night desir’d his sight,
 ‘ And sought his chamber door:
 ‘ So learn from hence no innocence
 ‘ Within this breast you’ll find;
 ‘ Not all your pain can cleanse the stain—
 ‘ I’m worst of womankind.’

“ ’Twas fleshly lust that urg’d you first
 “ To swerve from virtue’s rule ;
 “ A heart, I’m sure, may still be pure,
 “ Though once it play’d the fool :
 “ Now, by the Lord ! no taunting word
 “ Shall rouse the past distress ;
 “ In spite of all, nought can enthrall
 “ The love which I profess :
 “ No rooted vice could thus entice
 “ A soul like mine to own,
 “ That, in my mind, of womankind
 “ I still love you alone.”

‘ Since it is so, farewell to woe !
 ‘ Thus true love I have known ;
 ‘ Attend, great earl, I am no churl,
 ‘ No tainted stock I own ;
 ‘ I never knew a love untrue,
 ‘ Nor swore to God an oath ;
 ‘ This guiltless heart to play the part
 ‘ Of wanton would be loath :
 ‘ So prosper love, as I shall prove
 ‘ As tender as I can ;
 ‘ For I avow I love thee now,
 ‘ And am no vile woman.’

“ What words are those, that did disclose

“ Such tidings to mine ear ?

“ And may I trust thy speech was just,

“ And claim thee for my dear ?

“ Oh ! speak, unveil the wond’rous tale,

“ That mads with joy my brain ;

“ Dispel from me this mystery,

“ And vouch the truth again ;

“ So shall I prove, that heavenly love

“ From truth has never flown ;

“ For, in my mind, of womankind

“ I love but you alone.”

‘ This is the case :—that men are base

‘ I heard when I was young ;

‘ Of this aware, I took good care

‘ To shun the flatt’rer’s tongue ;

‘ But when to court thou didst resort,

‘ By love I was betray’d ;

‘ So in disguise, before your eyes

‘ Thus artfully I play’d,

‘ To see if you in love were true,

‘ Or like another man ;

‘ So you’ve beguil’d your monarch’s child,

‘ And not a base woman.’

" It is but vain that we complain,
 " For true love still will bless ;
 " Yet, mine heart dear! my bosom's fear
 " To you I must confess ;
 " For should your sire, in wrathful ire,
 " Our hearts' warm love deny,
 " Oh ! then shall we for ever be
 " Condemn'd to pine and die ;
 " For God above, who sanctions love,
 " And reigns on chrystal throne,
 " He knows this mind, of womankind
 " Exists for you alone."

' Dispel thy dread—my sire hath said,
 ' That I in this was free,
 ' So I but prov'd the man I lov'd
 ' In all was worthy me.'

So on his child the monarch smil'd,
 When he the tidings knew ;
 And call'd him son, who thus had won
 By love so tried and true.
 By this we see, such constancy
 May dwell among mankind,
 As erst display'd the Nut Brown Maid
 Most true of womankind.

PARODY.

Hungry the wretch, and torn with care,
With blotted papers strew'd around ;
Who groaning breathes the garret air
That whistles round.

Bereft of cash—who lacks e'en bread—
Whose bureau yields him no attire ;
Whose roof 'gainst heat affords no shade,
Nor hearth a fire.

Curs'd he, whose misery doth find
Hours, days, and years thus drawl away ;
Whose starving body, worn-out mind,
Must loathe the day.

No sleep by night, by day no ease,
Each pass'd alike in expectation;
Lest growling duns should come to teaze
His meditation.

Thus starves the man by fame unknown;
Unpitied thus the poet sighs;
Alas! when dead, no friendly stone
Tells where he lies.

LINES

*To a Mistress, who fled every worldly consideration for
him she loved.*

Ah! could I harbour in my breast
One thought to give thee pain,
I then should stand the wretch confess'd,
And merit thy disdain.

But no; not such the thrilling fire
That sways my panting soul;
'Tis purest love, and soft desire,
My anxious thoughts control.

Great God! how flutters now my heart;
A languor numbs my frame;
My trembling limbs can nought impart
But Rosa's cherish'd name.

Now expectation comes in turn;
 My blood impetuous flows;
 With ecstasy I sigh, I burn,
 My cheek with rapture glows.

For me hast thou the world defied,
 Its rancour and its sneer;
 For love and me forgot thy pride,
 And must not I revere?

Oh! yes; while yet the stream of life
 Shall animate my clay,
 I'll clasp thee as my hallow'd wife,
 For Love inspir'd the ray.

No peevish thought, no cool neglect,
 My conduct e'er shall stain;
 The world shall treat thee with respect,
 Or meet my soul's disdain.

By Fate we met—oh! bless the hour
 That gave thee to my sight!
 From thee I learnt Love's sacred power,
 And learn'd to think aright.

For could I covet other charms,
And know that form was mine?
What ! seek the stranger's lustful arms,
When bless'd with truth and thine?

Oh ! perish the detested thought !
'Tis thou alone canst give
That truth with heavenly rapture fraught,
That love for which I live.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

Meant as a Satire on the English nation for decapitating King Charles.

Ferocious English, with the self same knife
Cut horses' tails, and rob their king of life ;
While Frenchmen, more enlighten'd, never fail
To leave each king his head, each horse his tail.

ANSWER,

In 1802,

Infernal French ! how chang'd is now the scene !
In polish'd days you kill both king and queen ;
While Britons, less polite, with one accord,
Raise heart and hand to guard their country's lord.

A BALLAD,
OF
EDWARD AND ELGIVA,

The Nun of St. Agatha.

Lord Edward he had red red gold,
 Lord Edward he had store ;
In troth the man that had as much,
 Should never crave for more.

Lord Edward he was young and bold,
 And jovial friends had he,
And they would feast and drink with him,
 And sing right jovially.

But then Lord Edward he was false,
 And play'd the traitor's part ;
He had a tongue was oily smooth,
 But cruel was his heart.

His feigned tears had often mov'd
 Chaste maidens many a one,
 To yield unto his artful tale,
 To yield, and be undone.

But no compunction rent his soul;
 Their loud complaints were vain;
 For he but sought some other fair,
 That she might share the pain.

As at the board Lord Edward sate,
 And drank the red red wine,
 Beside him was a youthful knight,
 They call'd him Galberdine.

And to Lord Edward spake this knight—
 “ Though damsels fair you've known,
 “ There's one surpasseth all the rest,
 “ You ne'er can call your own.

“ Oh ! she is peerless to the sight,
 “ But icy cold her breast ;
 “ For he, on whom her soul was fix'd,
 “ Is gone to lasting rest.

“ So Elgiva, this blooming fair,
“ The sacred veil hath ta'en,
“ And from the convent's sainted walls
“ Will ne'er come forth again.”

“ And where now rise those convent walls
“ Which hold this maid of fame ?
“ Oh ! tell to me,” Lord Edward said,
“ The patroness's name.”

“ The patroness, Saint Agatha,
“ Receiv'd before her shrine
“ The vows of lovely Elgiva,”
Replied Sir Galberdine.

Lord Edward never word spake more,
But quaff'd the wine so free,
Yet in his vicious heart he wish'd
The holy maid to see.

Next morning with the sun he rose,
And left the castle gate;
He clad himself in pilgrim's robes,
And laid aside all state.

And to the shrine of Agatha
Lord Edward sped alone,
And there before the altar he
Said paters many a one.

And there he saw the relic fair,
And kiss'd the holy bone;
He gave one penny, and then said
Of aves many a one.

But while he seem'd intent on prayer,
With visage turn'd to ground,
His roving thoughts on sin were fix'd,
His eyes oft cast around.

Amid the nuns at length he spied
A peerless maiden bright;
So fair a she had ne'er before
Engag'd Lord Edward's sight.

It was indeed fair Elgiva
That caught his lustful eyne;
Far better had it prov'd to him
He ne'er her face had seen.

Then to himself Lord Edward said—

“ Though e’er so bad it be,
“ I swear by Christ his holy rood,
“ The nun shall sleep with me.”

Then from the chapel hied the lord;

His mind was full of thought,
And, urg’d by hellish fiends anon,
A wicked monk he sought.

A crafty sinner was this monk,

On worldly gain intent;
But all believ’d he was a man
Whose soul on prayer was bent.

“ Oh! I am sick,” Lord Edward said,

“ Good father John, I pray,
“ Now give some comfort in this need,
“ Nor to my wish say nay.

“ Oh! give me comfort, and I swear

“ Whate’er thou wouldst of me;
“ Or be it land, or gold, or kine,
“ I’ll give it unto thee.”

" Oh ! tell me now," quoth father John,
 " What makes thee sick and sad ;
" I love my lord, and will obey,
 " Or be it good or bad.

" Command then, and by Christ I swear,
 " Whate'er thy will may be,
" I shall enact as thou requir'st."—
 " Then list, kind monk, to me :

" Before the shrine of Agatha
 " There kneels a veiled nun ;
" And on a fairer maiden yet
 " Ne'er shone the morning sun :

" Yclept she is Nun Elgiva ;
 " It is her maiden charms
" I fain would clasp, the live long night,
 " Within my eager arms.

" But compass this, good friar John !
 " And ask whate'er you will ;
" Or be it land, or gold, or kine,
 " Thy wish I will fulfil."

“ Oh ! thou requir’st a mighty sin,

“ A dreadful crime of me ;

“ For if I do as thou would’st have,

“ My soul condemn’d will be.

“ For sacrilegious is the act

“ Of him that dares prophane

“ A nun of Agatha’s fam’d shrine,

“ Ah ! therefore, lord, refrain.”

To this in haste the youthful lord,

With bitter frown, replied,

“ Oh ! had you lov’d me as you said,

“ I had not been denied ;

“ But I will seek some surer friend,

“ Nor trust a friar more :”

Thus having spake, Lord Edward turn’d,

And march’d toward the door.

Though great the sin, the gold was bright ;

The monk could not refrain—

“ Oh ! I will do thy will,” he said,

“ Though hell should prove my pain.”

Lord Edward told an hundred marks,
 He told them out with glee—
 “ Take this as earnest, father John,
 “ Of that shall be thy fee.”

Then to the shrine of Agatha
 Repair'd the monk in haste;
 Ah! little thought the sisterhood
 His errand so unchaste.

He chaunted mass; then to confess
 He call'd them one by one;
 Till last of all within the church
 Kneel'd Elgiva the nun;

To whom the friar spake these words:
 “ To cell thou needs must go;
 “ For not to me thou must confess,
 “ The Lord he wills it so:

“ For to our convent now is come
 “ A monk of holy fame;
 “ Who says that thou art one elect
 “ To bear a sainted name.

“ But unto no one else would he
“ The sacred truth disclose ;
“ To visit thee by stealth this night
“ The monk hath therefore chose.

“ So softly ope the garden door,
“ And leave unbarr'd thy cell ;
“ The holy monk shall come to thee
“ Just at the midnight bell.”

The lovely maiden bow'd assent ;
She dream'd not of the guile,
But thought that heaven, and not the fiend,
Had sent one to defile.

And all the day she told her beads,
And contrite zeal display'd ;
While friar John Lord Edward told
How he deceiv'd the maid.

And when the robe of ebon night
Obscur'd the jocund day,
Lord Edward, in a monkish cowl,
His figure did array.

And having gain'd the garden gate,
'Twas open to his will;
And when he pac'd the cloister'd arch,
The scene was drear and chill.

And when he gain'd the secret cell,
A lamp was burning there,
By which was seen the prostrate form
Of Elgiva the fair.

With measur'd step Lord Edward first
Advanc'd within the cell,
And at that moment sullen toll'd
The chapel's midnight bell.

He kneel'd awhile beside the maid,
But long could not refrain;
Then seiz'd her trembling in his arms;
Her struggles were but vain.

She strove to cry, but with his lips
He stifled these alarms;
O'ercome at length, she pow'rless sunk,
And fainted in his arms.

He stain'd the purest lily form
 That ever met the eye ;
 She woke to mis'ry and despair,
 And only wish'd to die.

By vows, by oaths, and every pray'r,
 To soothe her long he strove ;
 But still she loath'd his hated form,
 And still repuls'd his love.

“ Yes, soon I'll join the clay-cold youth,
 “ That sleeps within the tomb ;
 “ But when I'm dead, thy crime,” she cried,
 “ From me shall meet its doom.

“ This sacrilege proclaim'd shall be,
 “ For which, in scorching fire,
 “ Thy recreant limbs consign'd will be,
 “ So shall thy form expire.”

Lord Edward with contemptuous smile
 Beheld the weeping fair—
 “ How vain,” he cried, “ are all thy threats,
 “ To speak thou wilt not dare.

“ For who but thou didst ope the gate
“ To let the spoiler in ;
“ By which it must appear to all
“ That thou hast plann’d the sin.

“ Be silent then, return the flame
“ Which still exists for thee ;
“ Be kind, sweet Elgiva !” he said,
“ And learn to love like me.”

“ Oh ! cruel, cruel, is my fate !”
The nun in anguish cried ;
“ For if I speak, more guilt appears
“ To stain the guiltless side.

“ But though in silence I remain,
“ On Christ my voice shall call,
“ To let his wrath for this thy crime
“ On thee for ever fall.

“ Oh ! mayst thou, when I’m dead and gone,
“ Repent the midnight hour !
“ May horrors chill thee when foul hell
“ First plac’d me in thy power.”

And as she spoke Lord Edward turn'd,
And left the cell with speed ;
He heeded nought the bitter curse,
But gloried in the deed.

And at the board, with mirth and glee,
He welcom'd rising morn ;
Nor cast one thought, nor heav'd one sigh,
For her who wept forlorn.

And when the sullen night drew in,
With wine his brain was fir'd ;
He call'd to mind fair Elgiva,
His soul the nun desir'd.

At length he left the sleepless couch,
And ope the lattice threw,
To taste the cool refreshing breeze
That from the woodland blew.

When sudden, at the castle gate,
Was heard a brazen sound ;
Lord Edward listen'd, and anon
He turn'd his eyes around.

He saw a friar at the gate,
 Who thrice knock'd at the ring—
 "Now save thee, monk," Lord Edward said,
 "What tidings dost thou bring?"

With hollow voice the form replied—
 "My news must welcome prove;
 "I come from Elgiva the nun,
 "My tidings are of love."

"Attend, and I will come to thee;
 "Stay there," the lord replied;
 And instant sped him down the stairs,
 And op'd the portal wide.

But there no monk Lord Edward saw,
 That should the tidings bring;
 Yet lo! a scroll of parchment was
 Affixed to the ring.

He loosen'd quick the parchment scroll,
 And there these words were writ—
 "'Twas yesternight I cursed you,
 "I now repent of it.

“ For I will straight requite thy love,

“ And give thee up my heart ;

“ Do thou as truly mark my words,

“ As I shall play my part.

“ To-morrow night, when chapel bell

“ Proclaims the midnight peal,

“ In secret to thy bed of down

“ Thy Elgiva will steal.

“ Then open leave the castle gate,

“ And early seek thy rest,

“ For Elgiva the nun shall come,

“ And clasp thee to her breast.”

And as Lord Edward read the scroll,

The hour of midnight toll'd ;

The raven croak'd, the bat flew by,

The wind blew nipping cold.

And on the distant breeze was heard

A sad and solemn knell ;

It was of some departed soul

The heavy passing bell.

The sound struck deep Lord Edward's heart,
 And on his downy bed,
 With thoughts of Elgiva, he strove
 To chase it from his head.

"To-morrow night," quoth he, "shall I
 "Within those arms repose,
 "And press that form, and kiss that mouth,
 "More perfum'd than the rose.

"To-morrow night her panting form
 "By me will be caress'd ;"
 Yet as he thought, the heavy toll
 Disturb'd his wish'd-for rest.

Lord Edward welcom'd thrice the dawn,
 And left his costly bed ;
 And for his pastime he that morn
 The hounds to green wood led.

And at the board the jovial knights
 His flagging thoughts 'gan cheer ;
 They eat, they drank, and toasted oft
 The killer of the deer.

And as the hour of night drew in,
His heart wax'd full of glee,
And ev'ry guest from castle sped,
As blithsome as might be.

And then Lord Edward open'd wide
The castle's folding gate;
And then did he upon his couch
Fair Elgiva await.

And tedious seem'd the minutes then
To his expecting mind,
As restless on the bed of down
His sinful form reclin'd.

At length he heard the castle bell
The hour of midnight beat ;
And then upon the stairs he heard
The sound of trampling feet.

And then he saw a female form
His chamber softly tread ;
And then upright it made a halt
Beside Lord Edward's bed.

And then between the sheets it crept,
 And spread its arms full wide;
 And then exclaim'd—"Oh! clasp me now,
 "Thy true love and thy bride."

Lord Edward sprang to her embrace,
 And lock'd her in his arms;
 Then scream'd—"What makes you shrink," she said,
 "Ah! know you not these charms?"

"Come, press me, love! come, kiss these lips—
 "Nay, why so coy, my dear?"
 "Thy form is icy cold," he cried,
 "I'm palsied o'er with fear."

"Oh! say not so, my love, my lord!
 "With me there's nought but bliss"—
 Her lips, then damp and marble cold,
 Impress'd on his a kiss.

Lord Edward shrunk, yet closer still
 She clasp'd him in her arms:
 Lord Edward shriek'd—"For shame," she cried,
 "Oh! banish these alarms."

“ Great God ! what art thou ? ” cried the youth ;

“ My blood begins to chill : ”

“ Thine Elgiva, ” the form replied,

“ Obedient to thy will. ”

And as she spake, a stream of ice

Ran trickling through his veins ;

Still more she kiss'd, and more caress'd,

Augmenting still his pains.

And then Lord Edward's limbs grew stiff,

For death his frame 'gan seize ;

And then his blood, and then his heart,

With horror 'gan to freeze.

“ Thank Heaven I die, ” Lord Edward said,

“ And death shall ease my woe ” —

“ Nay, pray not thus, my love ! ” she cried,

“ For it will not be so.

“ This night I come to call thee forth,

“ That we may wedded be ;

“ The priest, grim Death, awaits us both,

“ Beneath the cypress tree ;

“ And there are choristers so gay,
“ To greet the marriage rites ;
“ The screech owl, bat, and raven’s croaks,
“ And troops of yelling sprites.

“ And thousands there will cry amen,
“ And praise the youthful pair ;
“ They’ll greet us with a dear embrace,
“ In rattling bones quite bare.

“ Our priest is ghastly grinning Death,
“ And lovely Sin the clerk ;
“ A flame sulphureous from whose eyes
“ Will dissipate the dark.

“ I have a ring of human bone,
“ With blood begrimed o’er ;
“ I have a bride-cake made for thee
“ Of brains and clotted gore.

“ I have a bed to lay us on,
“ In charnel house it stands ;
“ I piled the heap of rotting flesh
“ With these my loving hands.

“ I have fine clothes to wrap us in,
“ And tuck us up so neat ;
“ They are a dead man’s stinking shroud,
“ And fest’ring winding sheet.

“ But come, my love! the morning air
“ I now begin to smell ;
“ I’ll cure thee of this icy cold
“ Before the fires of hell.”

With that the spectre clasp’d him tight,
And through the lattice sped,
And bore Lord Edward to the realms
Of horror and the dead.

Since which the castle’s lonely walls,
As monkish legends tell,
No mortal form can e’er approach,
When tolls the midnight bell.

Then shrieks the ghost of Elgiva,
While sprites tormenting run,
And lash with scorpions’ stings the wretch
By whom she was undone.

By this example, youths, beware,
For such desires will prove,
A lasting torment to your souls,
And not the source of love.

LINES

Addressed to the admirers of aerial excursions; but more particularly to such as have communicated their observations after having experimentally witnessed the effects produced in the atmospheric region.

Of travels many I've heard tell,
 From Mandevil* of old,
 To Gilpin's gallop to the Bell,
 Yet none of these have told;

Not fam'd Damberger †, no nor yet
 Munchauson's feats, I vow;
 Nor Bruce, nor any have thought fit
 To do as we do now.

* An English traveller, who flourished some centuries back, but is more commonly known by the name of the *lying traveller*.

† Damberger's Travels through the Interior of Africa were first printed in Germany, and read with the utmost avidity: the wonders with which his narrative teemed induced some English booksellers to have the work translated, which met with a similar sale in this country, till the whole was at length avowed to be but an African journey performed in the closet, which put an end to the fame of the work.

For what are wilds and desarts drear,
 Loud cataracts and woods,
 And sands, where torrid sun-beams sear,
 With raging seas and floods?

Mere nothings to the scenes which soon
 Shall fill you with surprize,
 When I avouch that in balloon
 I mounted to the skies.

Imprimis—I the globe could view,
 Just like a penny ball;
 I dropp'd from thence (I swear 'tis true)
 A pin, and saw it fall.

The people's shouts were heard by me,
 For you must understand,
 The very ruts mine eyes could see
 Upon the new-plough'd land.

Thus if we may compute aright,
 Far better I should know
 What men would say, thus out of sight,
 Than when I were below.

The forests gooseberry bushes were,
 And rivers skeins of thread;
 The last thing I could note with care
 Were fourscore cherries red.

These cherries they were wond'rous fine,
 As ripe as ripe might be;
 And they belong'd to a divine
 Down in the west country.

But now the wind tempestuous warr'd,
 The globe soon disappear'd,
 And dreadfully the torrents pour'd,
 And mightily I fear'd:

But soon had I less cause of dread—
 A thunder-cloud came by—
 For fire the light'ning serv'd instead,
 So I my clothes did dry.

Then all was black beneath my feet,
 And all above was blue;
 Then, hungry, I began to eat,
 What else had I to do?

But as I drank a draught of beer,
A nipping wind arose ;
It was so horribly severe,
That every thing was froze.

But dolefully was I surpriz'd—
My food was chang'd to spar,
And I myself was chrystaliz'd,
Like a transparent jar.

Then truly piteous was my case—
Conceive my dreadful pain ;
I dar'd not rise up from my place,
Least I should break in twain.

But soon the region of the air,
Of late so bleak and raw,
With raging furnace might compare,
So I began to thaw.

And being chang'd to self again,
I thought I should expire ;
More ardent grew the scorching pain,
As my balloon rose higher.

But why should I at once disclose
The prodigies on high—
By turns well roasted, wet, and froze—
When you may think I lie?

Suffice it, for this once I end
My flight in the balloon;
My next shall tell thee, courteous friend!
The wonders of the moon.

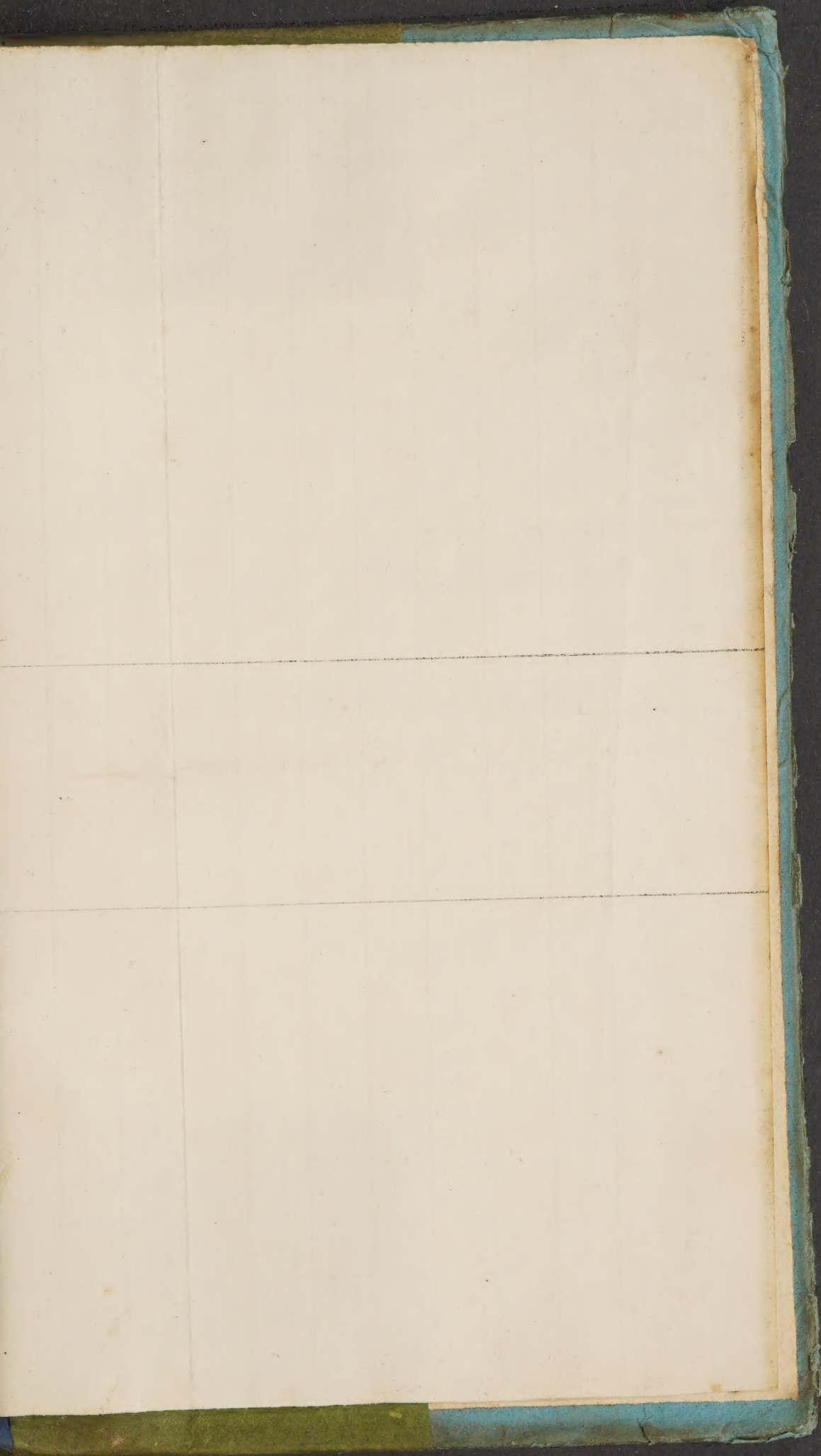
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